3814.5
vol. 1

G.3814.5.1

#81-7

William Holgate.

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Epilogue.

FINIS.

Tyrannick Love,

OR THE

Royal Martyr.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted by his Majesties Servants, at the *THEATRE ROYAL.*

BY

JOHN DRYDEN, Servant to his *MAJESTY.*

Non jam prima peto ——— neq; vincere certo;
Extremum rediisse pudet. ——— Virg.

LONDON,

Printed for *H. Herringman*, at the Sign of the *Blew Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*. 1670.

A revised Edition of this Play appeared in 1670.
It is entitled — "The Second Edition, reviewed by the Author."
This revised Edition is in my collection.

To the most Illustrious and High-born Prince, James *Duke of* Monmouth *and* Bucclugh, *one of His Majesties most Honourable Privy-Council, and Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter,* &c.

SIR,

THE favourable Reception which your Excellent Lady afforded to one of my former Plays, has encourag'd me to double my presumption, in addressing this to your Graces Patronage. So dangerous a thing it is to admit a Poet into your Family, that you can never afterwards be free from the chiming of ill Verses, perpetually sounding in your ears, and more troublesom than the neighbourhood of Steeples. I have been favourable to my self in this expression; a zealous Fanatick would have gone farther; and have called me the Serpent, who first presented the fruit of my Poetry to the Wife, and so gain'd the opportunity to seduce the Husband. Yet I am ready to avow a Crime so advantagious to me; but the World, which will condemn my boldness, I am sure will justifie and applaude my choice. All men will joyn with me in the adoration which I pay you, they would wish only I had brought you a more noble Sacrifice. Instead of an Heroick Play, you might justly expect an Heroick Poem, filled with the past Glories of your Ancestors, & the future certainties of your own. Heaven has already

taken care to form you for an Heroe. You have all the advantages of Mind and Body, and an Illustrious Birth, conspiring to render you an extraordinary Person. The *Achilles* and the *Rinaldo* are present in you, even above their Originals; you only want a *Homer* or a *Tasso* to make you equal to them. Youth, Beauty, and Courage (all which you possess in the height of their perfection) are the most desirable gifts of Heaven: and Heaven is never prodigal of such Treasures, but to some uncommon purpose. So goodly a Fabrick was never framed by an Almighty Architect for a vulgar Guest. He shewed the value which he set upon your Mind, when he took care to have it so nobly and so beautifully lodg'd. To a graceful fashion and deportment of Body, you have joyned a winning Conversation, and an easie Greatness, derived to you from the best, and best belov'd of Princes. And with a great power of obliging, the world has observed in you, a desire to oblige, even beyond your power. This and all that I can say on so excellent and large a Subject, is only History, in which Fiction has no part; I can employ nothing of Poetry in it, any more than I do in that humble protestation which I make, to continue ever

Your Graces most obedient

and most devoted Servant,

John Dryden.

PREFACE.

I Was mov'd to write this Play by many reasons: amongst others, the Commands of some Persons of Honour, for whom I have a most particular respect, were daily sounding in my ears, that it would be of good Example to undertake a Poem of this Nature. Neither was my own inclination wanting to second their desires. I considered that pleasure was not the only end of Poesie; and that even the instructions of Morality were not so wholly the business of a Poet, as that the Precepts and Examples of Piety were to be omitted. For to leave that employment altogether to the Clergie, were to forget that Religion was first taught in Verse (which the lazineſs or dulneſs of succeeding Priesthood, turned afterwards into Prose:) and it were also to grant, which I never shall, that representations of this kind may not as well be conducing to Holiness, as to good Manners. Yet far be it from me, to compare the use of Dramatique Poesie with that of Divinity: I only maintain against the Enemies of the Stage, that patterns of piety, decently represented, and equally removed from the extremes of Superstition and Prophaneness, may be of excellent use to second the Precepts of our Religion. By the Harmony of words we elevate the mind to a sense of Devotion, as our solemn Musick, which is inarticulate Poesie, does in Churches; and by the lively images of piety, adorned by action, through the senses allure the Soul: which while it is charmed in a silent joy of what it sees and hears, is struck at the same time with a secret veneration of things Celestial, and is woond up insensibly into the practice of that which it admires. Now, if, instead of this, we sometimes see on our Theaters, the Examples of Vice rewarded, or at least unpunished; yet it ought not to be an Argument against the Art, any more than the Extravagances and Impieties

pieties of the Pulpit in the late times of Rebellion, can be againſt the Office and Dignity of the Clergie.

But many times it happens, that Poets are wrongfully accuſed; as it is my own Caſe in this very Play; where I am charged by ſome ignorant or malicious perſons, with no leſs Crimes than Prophaneneſs and Irreligion.

The part of Maximin, *againſt which theſe holy Criticks ſo much declaim, was deſigned by me to ſet off the Character of S.* Catharine. *And thoſe who have read the Roman Hiſtory, may eaſily remember, that* Maximin *was not only a bloody Tyrant,* vaſtus corpore, animo ferus, *as* Herodian *deſcribes him; but alſo a Perſecutor of the Church, againſt which he raiſed the ſixth Perſecution. So that whatſoever he ſpeaks or acts in this Tragedy, is no more than a Record of his life and manners; a picture as near as I could take it, from the Original. If with much pains and ſome ſucceſs I have drawn a deformed piece, there is as much of Art, and as near an imitation of Nature, in a* Lazare *as in a* Venus. Maximin *was an Heathen, and what he ſpeaks againſt Religion, is in contempt of that which he profeſſed. He defies the Gods of* Rome, *which is no more than S.* Catharine *might with decency have done. If it be urged, that a perſon of ſuch principles who ſcoffes at any Religion, ought not to be preſented on the Stage; why then are the lives and ſayings of ſo many wicked and prophane perſons, recorded in the Holy Scriptures? I know it will be anſwered, That a due uſe may be made of them; that they are remembred with a Brand of Infamy fixt upon them; and ſet as Sea-marks for thoſe who behold them to avoid. And what other uſe have I made of* Maximin? *have I propoſed him as a pattern to be imitated, whom even for his impiety to his falſe Gods I have ſo ſeverely puniſhed? Nay, as if I had foreſeen this Objection I purpoſely removed the Scene of the Play which ought to have been at* Alexandria *in* Egypt, *(where S.* Catharine *ſuffered) and laid it under the Walls of* Aquileia *in* Italy, *where* Maximin *was ſlain, that the puniſhment of his Crime might immediately ſucceed its execution.*

This, Reader, is what I owed to my juſt defence, and the due reverence of that Religion which I profeſs, to which all men, who deſire to be eſteemed good or honeſt are obliged: I have neither leiſure nor occaſion to write more largely on this ſubject, becauſe I am already

already justified by the sentence of the best and most discerning Prince in the World, by the suffrage of all unbiass'd Judges; and above all, by the witness of my own Conscience, which abhors the thought of such a Crime; to which I ask leave to add my outward Conversation, which shall never be justly taxed with the Note of Athcism or Prophaneness.

In what else concerns the Play, I shall be brief: for the faults of the writing and contrivance, I leave them to the mercy of the Reader. For I am as little apt to defend my own Errours, as to find those of other Poets. Only I observe, that the great Censors of Wit and Poetry, either produce nothing of their own, or what is more ridiculous than any thing they reprehend. Much of ill Nature, and a very little Judgment, go far in the finding the mistakes of Writers.

I pretend not that any thing of mine can be Correct: This Poem, especially, which was contrived and written in seven weeks, though afterwards hindred by many accidents from a speedy representation, which would have been its best excuse.

Yet the Scenes are every where unbroken, and the unities of place and time more exactly kept, than perhaps is requisite in a Tragedy; or at least then I have since preserv'd them in the Conquest of Granada.

I have not every where observed the equality of numbers, in my Verse; partly by reason of my haste; but more especially because I would not have my sense a slave to Syllables.

'Tis easie to discover, that I have been very bold in my alteration of the Story, which of it self was too barren for a Play: and, that I have taken from the Church two Martyrs, in the persons of Porphyrius *and the Empress, who suffered for the Christian Faith, under the Tyranny of* Maximin.

I have seen a French Play, called the Martyrdom of S. Catharine; *but those who have read it, will soon clear me from stealing out of so dull an Author. I have only borrowed a mistake from him, of one* Maximin *for another: for finding him in the French Poet, called the Son of a Thracian Herds-man, and an* Alane *Woman, I too easily believed him to have been the same* Maximin *mentioned in* Herodian. *Till afterwards consulting* Eusebius *and* Metaphrastes, *I found the French-man had betrayed me into an Errour (when it was too late to alter it) by mistaking that first* Maximin *for a second, the Contemporary of* Constantine *the Great, and one of the Usurpers of the Eastern Empire.*

But neither was the other name of my Play more fortunate: for as some who had heard of a Tragedy of S. Catharine, *imagined I had taken my plot from thence; so others, who had heard of another Play called* L'Amour Tyrannique, *with the same ignorance, accused me to have borrow'd my design from it, because I have accidentally given my Play the same Title, not having to this day seen it: and knowing only by report, that such a Comedy is extant in French, under the name of Monsieur* Scudery.

As for what I have said of Astral or Aerial Spirits it is no invention of mine, but taken from those who have written on that Subject. Whether there are such Beings or not, it concerns not me; 'tis sufficient for my purpose, that many have believed the affirmative: and that these Heroick Representations, which are of the same Nature with the Epick, are not limited, but with the extremest bounds of what is credible.

Additions were made to this Preface in the second Edition.

Prologue.

Prologue.

Self-love (which never rightly understood)
Makes Poets still conclude their Plays are good:
And malice in all Criticks raigns so high,
That for small Errors, they whole Plays decry;
So that to see this fondness, and that spite,
You'd think that none but Mad-men judge or write.
Therefore our Poet, as he thinks not fit
T' impose upon you, what he writes for Wit,
So hopes that leaving you your censures free,
You equal Judges of the whole will be:
They judge but half who only faults will see.
Poets like Lovers should be bold and dare,
They spoil their business with an over-care.
And he who servilely creeps after sence,
Is safe, but ne're will reach an Excellence.
Hence 'tis our Poet in his conjuring,
Allow'd his Fancy the full scope and swing.
But when a Tyrant for his Theme he had,
He loos'd the Reins, and bid his Muse run mad:
And though he stumbles in a full career;
Yet rashness is a better fault than fear.
He saw his way; but in so swift a pace,
To chuse the ground, might be to lose the race.
They then who of each trip th' advantage take,
Find but those Faults which they want Wit to make.

Persons.

Persons Represented.

Maximin, *Tyrant of* Rome.		By Major *Mohun.*
Porphyrius, *Captain of the Prætorian Bands.*		Mr. *Hart.*
Charinus, *the Emperour's Son.*		Mr. *Harris.*
Placidius, *a great Officer.*		Mr. *Kynaston.*
Valerius,	*Tribunes of the Army.*	Mr. *Lydall.*
Albinus,		Mr. *Littlewood.*
Nigrinus, *a Tribune and Conjurer.*		Mr. *Beeston.*
Amariel, *Guardian-Angel to S.* Catharine.		Mr. *Bell.*
Berenice, *Wife to* Maximin.		By Mrs. *Marshall.*
Valeria, *Daughter to* Maximin.		Mrs. *Ellen Guyn.*
S. Catharine, *Princess of* Alexandria.		Mrs. *Hughes.*
Felicia, *her Mother.*		Mrs. *Knepp.*
Erotion,	*Attendants.*	Mrs. *Uphill.*
Cydnon,		Mrs. *Eastland.*

SCENE *The Camp of Maximin,* under the Walls of *Aquileia.*

Tyrannick Love;

OR, THE

Royal Martyr.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Camp or Pavilion Royal.

Maximin, Charinus, Placidius, Albinus, Valerius, Apollonius, *Guards.*

Max. THUS far my Arms have with ſucceſs been crown'd;
And found no ſtop, or vanquiſh'd what they found.
The German Lakes my Legions have o're-paſt,
With all the bars which Art or Nature caſt:
My Foes, in watry Faſtneſſes inclos'd,
I ſought, alone, to their whole War expos'd.
Did firſt the depth of trembling Marſhes ſound,
And fix'd my Eagles in unfaithful ground:
By force ſubmitted to the Roman ſway
Fierce Nations, and unknowing to obey:
And now, for my reward, ungrateful *Rome*
For which I fought abroad, rebels at home.

Alb. Yet 'tis their fear which does this War maintain:
They cannot brook a Martial Monarchs Raign:
Your Valour would their ſloth too much accuſe;
And therefore, like themſelves, they Princes chuſe.

Placid. Two, tame, gown'd Princes, who at eaſe, debate

In lazy Chairs, the buſineſs of the State:
Who reign but while the people they can pleaſe,
And only know the little Arts of Peace.

Char. In fields they dare not fight where Honour calls;
But breathe a faint defiance from their Walls.
The very noiſe of War their Souls does wound;
They quake, but hearing their own Trumpets ſound.

Val. An eaſie Summons but for form they wait,
And to your Fame will open wide the gate.

Placid. I wiſh our Fame that ſwift ſucceſs may find;
But Conqueſts, Sir, are eaſily deſign'd:
However ſoft within themſelves they are,
To you they will be valiant by deſpair:
For having once been guilty, well they know
To a revengeful Prince they ſtill are ſo.

Alb. 'Tis true, that, ſince the Senates ſuccours came,
They grow more bold.

Max.----------That Senate's but a name:
Or they are Pageant Princes which they make:
That pow'r they give away, they would partake.
Two equal pow'rs, two different ways will draw,
While each may check, and give the other Law.
True, they ſecure propriety and peace;
But are not fit an Empire to increaſe.
When they ſhould aid their Prince, the Slaves diſpute;
And fear ſucceſs ſhould make him abſolute.
They let Foes conquer, to ſecure the State,
And lend a Sword, whoſe edge themſelves rebate.

Char. When to increaſe the Gods you late are gone,
I'le ſwiftly chuſe to dye, or reign alone:
But theſe half-Kings our courage cannot fright;
The thrifty State will bargain e're they fight:
Give juſt ſo much for every Victory;
And rather loſe a fight, than over-buy.

Max. Since all delays are dangerous in War;
Your men, *Albinus*, for aſſault prepare:
Criſpinus and *Menephilus*, I hear
Two Conſulars, theſe *Aquileians* chear;

By whom they may, if we protract the time,
Be taught the courage to defend their crime.
Placid. Put off th 'assault but only for this day;
No loss can come by such a small delay.
Char. We are not sure to morrow will be ours:
Wars have, like Love, their favourable hours:
Let us use all; for if we lose one day;
That white one, in the crowd, may slip away.
Max. Fates dark recesses we can never find;
But Fortune at some hours to all is kind;
The lucky have whole days, which still they choose;
Th' unlucky have but hours, and those they lose.
Placid. I have consulted one, who reads Heav'ns doom,
And sees, as present, things which are to come.
'Tis that *Nigrinus*, made by your command
A Tribune in the new Panonian Band.
Him have I seen, (on *Isters* Banks he stood,
Where last we winter'd) bind the head-long flood
In sudden ice; and where most swift it flows,
In chrystal nets, the wond'ring fishes close.
Then, with a moments thaw, the streams inlarge,
And from the Mesh the twinkling Guests discharge.
In a deep vale, or near some ruin'd wall
He would the Ghosts of slaughter'd Souldiers call;
Who, slow, to wounded bodies did repair,
And loth to enter, shiver'd in the air;
These his dread Wand did to short life compel,
And forc'd the Fates of Battels to foretel.
Max. 'Tis wond'rous strange! But, good *Placidius*, say,
What propheſies *Nigrinus* of this day?
Placid. In a lone Tent, all hung with black, I saw
Where in a Square he did a Circle draw:
Four Angles, made by that circumference,
Bore holy words inscrib'd, of mystick sence.
When first a hollow wind began to blow,
The Sky grew black, and belli'd down more low,
Around the fields did nimble Lightning play,
Which offer'd us by fits, and snatch'd the day.

'Midst this, was heard the shrill and tender cry
Of well-pleas'd Ghosts, which in the storm did fly;
Danc'd to and fro, and skim'd along the ground,
Till to the Magick Circle they were bound.
They coursing it, while we were fenc'd within,
We saw this dreadful Scene of Fate begin.

Char. Speak without fear; what did the Vision shew?

Placid. A Curtain drawn presented to our view,
A Town besieg'd; and on the neighb'ring Plain
Lay heaps of visionary Souldiers slain.
A rising mist obscur'd the gloomy head
Of one, who in Imperial Robes lay dead.
Near this, in Fetters stood a Virgin, crown'd;
Whom many *Cupids* strove in vain to wound:
A voice to morrow, still to morrow rung:
Another *Iö*; *Iö*, *Pæan* sung.

Char. Visions and Oracles still doubtful are,
And ne're expounded till th' event of War.
The Gods fore-knowledge on our Swords will wait:
If we fight well, they must fore-show good Fate.

To them a Centurion.

Cent. A rising dust which troubles all the air,
And this way travels, shows some Army near.

Char. I hear the sound of Trumpets from afar. [*Exit* Albinus.

Max. It seems the voice of Triumph, not of War.

To them Albinus *again.*

Alb. Health and success our Emperour attends:
The Forces marching on the Plain, are friends.
Porphyrius, whom you *Ægypts* Prætor made,
Is come from *Alexandria* to your aid.

Max. It well becomes the conduct and the care
Of one so fam'd and fortunate in War.
You must resign, *Placidius*, your Command;
To him I promis'd the Prætorian Band.
Your duty in your swift compliance show,
I will provide some other charge for you.

Placid. May *Cæsar*'s pleasure ever be obey'd
With that submission, which by me is paid.

Now

Now all the Curſes envy ever knew,
Or could invent, *Porphyrius* purſue. *Aſide.*
Alb. Placidius does too tamely bear his loſs; [*To* Charinus.
This new pretender will all pow'r ingroſs:
All things muſt now by his direction move;
And you, Sir, muſt reſign your Father's love.
Char. Yes; every name to his repute muſt bow;
There grow no Bayes for any other brow.
He blaſts my early Honour in the bud,
Like ſome tall Tree the Monſter of the Wood,
O're-ſhading all which under him would grow,
He ſheds his venim on the Plants below.
Alb. You muſt ſome noble action undertake;
Equal with his your own renown to make.
Char. I am not for a ſlothful envy born,
I'll do't this day, in the dire Viſions ſcorn.
He comes: We two, like the twin Stars appear;
Never to ſhine together in one Sphere. *Exit cum* Alb.

Enter Porphyrius *attended.*

Max. Porphyrius, welcome, welcome as the light
To cheerful Birds; or as to Lovers night.
Welcome as what thou bring'ſt me, Victory.
Por. That waits, Sir, on your Arms, and not on me.
You left a Conqueſt more than half atchiev'd;
And for whoſe eaſineſs I almoſt griev'd.
Yours only the *Ægyptian* Laurels are;
I bring you but the reliques of your War.
The Chriſtian Princeſs to receive your doom,
Is from her Conquer'd *Alexandria* come.
Her Mother in another Veſſel ſent;
A Storm ſurpriz'd; nor know I the event:
Both from your bounty muſt receive their ſtate;
Or muſt on your triumphant Chariot wait.
Max. From me they can expect no grace, whoſe minds
An execrable ſuperſtition blinds.

Apoll.

Apoll. The Gods who rais'd you to the Worlds Command,
Require these Victims from your grateful hand.
Por. To minds resolv'd, the threats of Death are vain;
They run to fires, and there enjoy their pain:
Not *Mucius* made more hast his hand t'expose
To greedy flames, than their whole bodies those.
Max. How, to their own destruction, they are blind!
Zeal is the pious madness of the mind.
Por. They all our fam'd Philosophers defy;
And would our Faith by force of reason try.
Apoll. I beg it, Sir, by all the pow'rs Divine,
That in their right, this Combat may be mine.
Max. It shall; and fifty Doctors of our Laws,
Be added to you, to maintain the cause.

Enter Berenice *the Empress*, Valeria *Daughter to the Emperour*, Erotion.

Placid. The Empress and your Daughter, Sir, are here,
Por. What dangers in those charming Eyes appear!
Looking on the Empress.
How my old wounds are open'd at this view!
And in my murd'rers presence bleed anew!
Max. I did expect your coming to partake *To the Ladies.*
The general gladness which my Triumphs make.
You did *Porphyrius* as a Courtier know,
But as a Conquerour behold him now.
Ber. You know (I read it in your blushing face) *To* Por.
To merit, better than receive a grace:
And I know better silently to own,
Than with vain words to pay your service done.
Por. Princes, like Gods, reward e're we deserve;
Kneeling to kiss her hand.
And pay us in permitting us to serve. —
Oh might I still grow here, and never move! (*lower.*)
Ber. How dangerous are these extasies of Love!
He shows his passion to a thousand Eyes!
He cannot stir, nor can I bid him rise!

That

That word my heart refuſes to my tongue! *Aſide.*

Max. Madam, you let the General kneel too long.

Por. Too long, as if Eternity were ſo! *Aſide.*

Ber. Riſe, good *Porphyrius*, (ſince it muſt be ſo.) *Aſide.*

Por. Like Hermits from a Viſion I retire; *riſing.*

With Eyes too weak to ſee what I admire. *Aſide.*

Val. The Empreſs knows your worth; but, Sir, there be,

To Porphyrius, *who kiſſes her hand.*

Thoſe who can value it as high as ſhe.

And 'tis but juſt, (ſince in my Fathers cauſe,

You fought) your Valour ſhould have my applauſe.

Placid. O Jealouſie, how art thou Eagle-ey'd!

She loves; and would her Love in praiſes hide:

How am I bound this Rival to purſue,

Who raviſhes my Love and Fortune too! *Aſide.*

A Dead March within, and Trumpets.

Max. Somewhat of mournful, ſure, my Ears does wound;

Like the hoarſe murmurs of a Trumpets ſound,

And Drums unbrac'd, with Souldiers broken cryes.

Enter Albinus.

Albinus, Whence proceeds this diſmal noiſe?

Alb. Too ſoon you'l know what I want words to tell.

Max. How fares my Son? Is my *Charinus* well?

Not anſwer me! Oh my prophetique fear!

Alb. How can I ſpeak; or how, Sir, can you hear?

Imagine that which you would moſt deplore,

And that which I would ſpeak is it, or more.

Max. Thy mournful meſſage in thy looks I read:

Is he (oh that I live to aſk it) dead?

Alb. Sir ———

Max. Stay; if thou ſpeak'ſt that word, thou ſpeak'ſt thy laſt;

Some God now, if he dares, relate what's paſt:

Say but he's dead, that God ſhall mortal be.

Alb. Then, what I dare not ſpeak, look back and ſee.

Charinus *born in dead by Souldiers.*

Max.

Max. See nothing, Eyes, henceforth, but Death and wo,
You've done me the worſt office you can do.
Youv'e ſhown me Deſtinies prepoſt'rous crime;
An unripe fate; diſclos'd e're Nature's time.
Placid. Aſſwage, great Prince, your paſſion, leſt you ſhow
There's ſomewhat in your Soul which Fate can bow.
Por. Fortune ſhould by your greatneſs be controul'd:
Arm your great mind, and let her take no hold.
Max. To tame Philoſophers teach conſtancy;
There is no farther uſe of it in me.
Gods (but why name I you!
All that was worth a pray'r to you is gone:)
I aſk not back my Vertue, but my Son.
Alb. His too great thirſt of fame his ruine brought.
Though, Sir, beyond humanity he fought.
Placid. This was my Viſion of this fatal day!
Alb. With a fierce haſt he led our Troops the way:
While fiery ſhowrs of Sulphur on him rain'd;
Nor left he till the Battlements he gain'd:
There with a Foreſt of their Darts he ſtrove;
And ſtood like *Capaneus* defying *Jove.*
With his broad Sword the boldeſt beating down,
While Fate grew pale leſt he ſhould win the Town.
And turn'd the Iron leafs of its dark Book,
To make new dooms; or mend what it miſtook.
Till ſought by many Deaths, he ſunk though late,
And by his fall aſſerted doubtful Fate.
Vale. Oh my Dear Brother! whom Heav'n let us ſee,
And would not longer ſuffer him to be!
Max. And didſt not thou a Death with Honour chuſe, *To* Alb.
But impudently liv'ſt to bring this news?
After his loſs how did'ſt thou dare to breath?
------But thy baſe Ghoſt ſhall follow him in death.
A decimation I will ſtrictly make
Of all who my *Charinus* did forſake.
And of each Legion each Centurion
Shall dye: -----*Placidius*, ſee my pleaſure done.

Por.

Por. Sir, you will loſe by this ſeverity
Your Souldiers hearts.
Max. ——Why, they take Pay to dye.
Por. Then ſpare *Albinus* only.
Max. ----------I conſent
To leave his life to be his puniſhment.
Diſcharg'd from truſt; branded with infamy
Let him live on, till he ask leave to dye.
Ber. Let me petition for him.
Max. ----------I have ſaid:
And will not be intreated, but obey'd.
But, Empreſs, whence does your compaſſion grow?
Ber. You need not ask it, ſince my birth you know.
The Race of *Antonin's* was nam'd the Good:
I draw my pity from my Royal Blood.
Max. Still muſt I be upbraided with your Line?
I know you ſpeak it in contempt of mine.
But your late Brother did not prize me leſs,
Becauſe I could not boaſt of Images.
And the Gods own'd me more when they decreed
A Thracian Shepherd ſhould your Line ſucceed.
Ber. The Gods! O do not name the pow'rs divine,
They never mingled their Decrees with thine.
My Brother gave me to thee for a Wife,
And for my Dowry thou didſt take his life.
Max. The Gods by many Victories have ſhown,
That they my merits and his death did own.
Ber. Yes; they have own'd it; witneſs this juſt day;
When they begin thy miſchiefs to repay.
See the reward of all thy wicked care,
Before thee thy ſucceſſion ended there.
Yet but in part my Brothers Ghoſt is pleas'd:
Reſtleſs till all the groaning world be eas'd.
For me; no other happineſs I owne
Than to have born no Iſſue to thy Throne.
Max. Provoke my rage no farther, leſt I be
Reveng'd at once upon the Gods and thee.

Por. aside.] What horrid tortures seize my lab'ring mind!
O, only excellent of all thy kind!
To hear thee threatned while I idle stand:
Heav'n! was I born to fear a Tyrants hand?
Max. to Ber. Hence from my sight,--thy blood, if thou dost stay,--
Ber. Tyrant! too well to that thou know'st the way. (*going.*)
Por. Let baser Souls from falling Fortunes flye:
I'le pay my duty to her, though I dye. *Exit leading her.*
Max. What made *Porphyrius*, so officious be?
The action look'd as done in scorn of me.
Val. It did, indeed, some little freedom show;
But somewhat to his Services you owe.
Max. Yet, if I thought it his presumption were——
Placid. Perhaps he did not your displeasure hear.
Max. My anger was too loud, not to be heard.
Placid. I'm loth to think he did it not regard.
Max. How, not regard!
Val. Placidius, you foment
On too light grounds my Father's discontent.
But when an action does two faces wear,
'Tis Justice to believe what is most fair.
I think, that knowing what respect there rests
For her late Brother in the Souldiers breasts,
He went to serve the Emp'rour: and design'd
Only to calm the tempest in her mind,
Lest some Sedition in the Camp should rise.
Max. I ever thought him loyal as he's wise.
Since therefore, all the Gods their spight have shown
To rob my Age of a successive Throne;
And you who now remain
The only Issue of my former bed
In Empire cannot by your Sex succeed:
To bind *Porphyrius* firmly to the State,
I will this day my *Cæsar* him create:
And, Daughter, I will give him you for Wife.
Val. O day, the best and happiest of my life!
Placid. O day, the most accurst I ever knew! *Aside.*
Max. See to my Son perform'd each Funeral due:

Then

Then to the toyls of War we will return;
And make our Enemies our losses mourn. *Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Royal Camp.

Berenice, Porphyrius.

Ber. *Porphyrius*, you too far did tempt your Fate,
In owning her the Emperour does hate.
'Tis true, your duty to me it became;
But, praising that, I must your conduct blame.
Por. Not to have own'd my zeal at such a time,
Were to sin higher than your Tyrants crime.
Ber. 'Twas too much my disgrace t'accompany;
A silent wish had been enough for me.
Por. Wishes are aids, faint Servants may supply,
Who ask Heav'n for you what themselves deny.
Could I do less than my respect to pay,
Where I before had giv'n my heart away?
Ber. You fail in that respect you seem to bear,
When you speak words unfit for me to hear.
Por. Yet you did once accept those vows I paid.
Ber. Those vows were then to *Berenice* made;
But cannot now be heard without a sin,
When offer'd to the Wife of *Maximin*.
Por. Has, then, the change of Fortune chang'd your will?
Ah! why are you not *Berenice* still?
To *Maximin* you once declar'd your hate;
Your Marriage was a Sacrifice to th' State:
Your Brother made it to secure his Throne,
Which this man made a step to mount it on.
Ber. Whatever *Maximin* has been, or is,
I am to bear, since Heav'n has made me his.
For wives, who must themselves of pow'r devest,
When they love blindly, for their peace love best.

Por. If mutual love be vow'd when faith you plight,
Then he, who forfeits firſt, has loſt his right.
Ber. Husbands a forfeiture of love may make;
But what avails the forfeit none can take?
As in a general wreck
The Pirate ſinks with his ill-gotten gains,
And nothing to anothers uſe remains:
So, by his loſs, no gain to you can fall:
The Sea, and vaſt deſtruction ſwallows all.
Por. Yet he, who from the ſhore, the wreck deſcrys,
May lawfully inrich him with the prize.
Ber. Who ſees the wreck can yet no title plead,
Till he be ſure the Owner firſt is dead.
Por. If that be all the claim I want to love,
This Pirate of your heart I'le ſoon remove;
And, at one ſtroke, the world and you ſet free.
Ber. Leave to the care of Heav'n that world and me.
Por. Heav'n, as its inſtrument my courage ſends.
Ber. Heav'n ne'r ſent thoſe who fight for private ends.
We both are bound by truſt, and muſt be true;
I to his Bed, and to his Empire you.
For he who to the bad betrays his truſt,
Though he does good, becomes himſelf unjuſt.
Por. When *Brutus* did from *Cæſar Rome* redeem,
The Act was good.
Ber. ----------But was not good in him.
You ſee the Gods adjudg'd it Parricide,
By dooming the event on *Cæſar's* ſide.
'Tis vertue not to be oblig'd at all;
Or not conſpire our Benefactors fall.
Por. You doom me then to ſuffer all this ill,
And yet I doom my ſelf to love you ſtill.
Ber. Dare not *Porphyrius* ſuffer then with me,
Since what for him I for my ſelf decree?
Por. How can I bear thoſe griefs you diſapprove?
Ber. To eaſe 'em, I'le permit you ſtill to love.
Por. That will but haſte my death, if you think fit
Not to reward, but barely to permit.

Love

Love without hope does like a torture wound,
Which makes me reach in pain, to touch the ground.
Ber. If hope, then, to your life so needful be,
Hope still.
Por. ——— Blest News!
Ber. ——————— But hope, in Heav'n, not me.
Por. Love is too noble such deceits to use.
Referring me to Heav'n, your gift I lose.
So Princes cheaply may our wants supply,
When they give that their Treasurers deny.
Ber. Love blinds my Vertue: if I longer stay,
It will grow dark, and I shall lose my way.
Por. One kiss from this fair hand can be no sin;
I ask not that you gave to *Maximin*.
In full reward of all the pains I've past,
Give me but one.
Ber. ----------Then let it be your last.
Por. 'Tis gone!
Like Souldiers prodigal of their Arrears,
One minute spends the Pay of many years.
--------Let but one more be added to the sum,
And pay at once for all my pains to come.
Ber. Unthrifts will starve if we before-hand give: [*Pulling back her hand.*]
I'le see you shall have just enough to live.

Enter Erotion.

Ero. Madam, the Emperour is drawing near;
And comes, they say, to seek *Porphyrius* here.
Ber. Alas!
Por. -------I will not ask what he intends;
My life, or death, alone, on you depends.
Ber. I must withdraw; but must not let him know *Aside.*
How hard the precepts of my Vertue grow!
But what e're Fortune is for me design'd,
Sweet Heav'n, be still to brave *Porphyrius* kind! *Exit cum Erotio.*
Por. She's gone unkindly, and refus'd to cast
One glance to feed me for so long a fast.

Enter

Enter Maximin, Placidius, *Guards.*

Max. *Porphyrius*, since the Gods have ravish'd one,
I come in you to seek another Son.
Succeed him then in my Imperial state;
Succeed in all, but his untimely fate.
If I adopt you with no better grace,
Pardon a fathers tears, upon my face,
And give 'em to *Charinus* memory:
May they not prove as ominous to thee.
Por. With what misfortunes Heav'n torments me still!
Why must I be oblig'd to one so ill? [*Aside.*
Max. Those offers which I made you, Sir, were such,
No private man should need to ballance much.
Por. Who durst his thoughts to such ambition lift? [*Kneeling.*
The greatness of it made me doubt the gift.
The distance was so vast, that to my view
It made the object seem at first untrue;
And now 'tis near, the sudden excellence
Strikes through, and flashes on my tender sence.
Max. Yet Heav'n and Earth, which so remote appear, [*raising him.*]
Are by the Air, which flows betwixt 'em, near.
And 'twixt us two my Daughter be the chain,
One end with me, and one with you remain.
Por. You press me down with such a glorious Fate, [*Kneeling again.*]
I cannot rise against the mighty weight.
Permit I may retire some little space,
And gather strength to bear so great a grace. [*Exit bowing.*
Placid. How Love and Fortune lavishly contend,
Which should *Porphyrius* wishes most befriend!
The mid-stream's his; I, creeping by the side,
Am shoulder'd off by his impetuous Tide. [*Aside.*

Enter Valerius *hastily.*

Val. I hope my business may my haste excuse;
For, Sir, I bring you most surprizing news.

The

The Christian Princess in her Tent confers
With fifty of your learn'd Philosophers;
Whom with such Eloquence she does perswade,
That they are Captives to her reasons made.
I left 'em yielding up their vanquish'd cause,
And all the Souldiers shouting her applause;
Ev'n *Apollonius* does but faintly speak,
Whose voice the murmurs of th' assistants break.

Max. Conduct this Captive Christian to my Tent;
She shall be brought to speedy punishment.
I must in time some remedy provide, [*Exit* Valerius.
Lest this contagious Errour spread too wide.

Placid. T' infected zeal you must no mercy show;
For, from Religion, all Rebellions grow.

Max. The silly crowd, by factious Teachers, brought
To think that Faith untrue their youth was taught,
Run on in new Opinions blindly bold;
Neglect, contemn, and then assault the old.
Th' infectious madness seizes every part,
And from the head distils upon the heart.
And first they think their Princes faith not true,
And then proceed to offer him a new;
Which if refus'd, all duty from 'em cast,
To their new Faith they make new Kings at last.

Placid. Those ills by Male-contents are often wrought,
That by their Prince their duty may be bought.
They head those holy Factions which they hate,
To sell their duty at a dearer rate.
But, Sir, the Tribune is already here
With your fair Captive.

Max. ----------Bid 'em both appear.

Enter S. Catharine, Valerius, Apollonius, *Guards.*

See where she comes with that high Air and meen,
Which marks, in bonds, the greatness of a Queen.
What pity 'tis! -----but I no charms must see
In her who to our Gods is enemy.———

Fair

Fair foe of Heav'n, whence comes this haughty pride, [*To her.*
Or is it Frenzy does your mind miſguide
To ſcorn our Worſhip, and new Gods to find?
S. Cath. Nor pride nor frenzy, but a ſetled mind;
Enlightned from above, my way does mark.
Max. Though Heav'n be clear, the way to it is dark.
S. Cath. But where our Reaſon with our Faith does go,
We're both above enlightned, and below.
But Reaſon with your fond Religion fights,
For many Gods are many Infinites:
This to the firſt Philoſophers was known,
Who, under various names, ador'd but one.
Though your vain Poets after did miſtake,
Who ev'ry Attribute a God did make.
And ſo obſcene their Ceremonies be,
As good men loath, and *Cato* bluſh'd to ſee.
Max. War is my Province; Prieſt, why ſtand you mute?
You gain by Heav'n, and therefore ſhould diſpute.
Apol. In all Religions, as in ours, there are
Some ſolid truths, and ſome things popular.
The popular in pleaſing Fables lye,
The truths, in precepts of Morality.
And theſe to humane life are of that uſe,
That no Religion can ſuch Rules produce.
S. Cath. Then let the whole Diſpute concluded be
Betwixt theſe Rules and Chriſtianity.
Apol. And what more noble can your Doctrine preach,
Than Vertues which Philoſophy does teach?
To keep the paſſions in ſevereſt awe,
To live to Reaſon, (Nature's greateſt Law)
To follow Vertue, as its own reward;
And good and ill, as things without, regard.
S. Cath. Yet few could follow thoſe ſtrict Rules they gave;
For humane life will humane frailties have;
And love of Vertue is but barren praiſe,
Airy as Fame: nor ſtrong enough to raiſe
The actions of the Soul above the ſence.
Vertue grows cold without a recompence.

We

We vertuous acts as duty do regard;
Yet are permitted to expect reward.
Apol. By how much, more your Faith reward assures,
So much more frank our Virtue is than yours.
S. *Cath.* Blind men! you seek ev'n those rewards you blame:
But ours are solid; your's an empty name.
Either to open praise your Acts you guide,
Or else reward your selves with secret pride.
Apol. Yet still our Moral virtues you obey;
Ours are the Precepts though apply'd your way.
S. *Cath.* 'Tis true, your virtues are the same we teach;
But in our practice they much higher reach.
You but forbid to take anothers due;
But we forbid e'vn to desire it too.
Revenge of injuries you Virtue call;
But we forgiveness of our wrongs extoll:
Immodest deeds you hinder to be wrought,
But we proscribe the least immodest thought.
So much your Virtues are in ours refin'd,
That yours but reach the actions, ours the mind.
Max. Answer in short to what you heard her speak. [*To* Apol.
Apol. Where Truth prevails, all arguments are weak.
To that convincing power I must give place:
And with that Truth that Faith I will embrace.
Max. O Traytor to our Gods; but more to me;
Dar'st thou of any Faith but of thy Princes be?
But sure thou rav'st; thy foolish Errour find:
Cast up the poyson that infects thy mind;
And shun the Torments thou art sure to feel.
Apol. Nor fire, nor torture, nor revenging Steel
Can on my Soul the least impression make:
How gladly, Truth, I suffer for thy sake!
Once I was ignorant of what was so;
But never can abandon Truth I know:
My Martyrdom I to thy Crown prefer;
Truth is a Cause for a Philosopher.
S. *Cath.* Lose not that Courage which Heav'n does inspire;
[*To* Apollonius.

But fearleſs go to be baptiz'd in fire.
Think 'tis a Triumph, not a danger near:
Give him your blood; but give him not a tear.
Go, and prepare my Seat: and hovering be
Near that bright ſpace which is reſerv'd for me.
Max. Hence with the Traytor; bear him to his Fate.
Apol. Tyrant, I fear thy pity, not thy hate:
A Life Eternal I by Death obtain.
Max. Go, carry him, where he that Life may gain.
Ex. Apollonius, Valerius, *and Guards.*
Placid. From this Enchantreſs all theſe ills are come:
You are not ſafe till you pronounce her doom.
Each hour ſhe lives a Legion ſweeps away;
She'll make your Army Martyrs in a day.
Max. 'Tis juſt: this Chriſtian Sorcereſs ſhall dy:
(Would I had never prov'd her Sorcery:)
Not that her charming Tongue this change has bred;
I fear 'tis ſomething that her Eyes have ſed.
I love: and am aſham'd it ſhould be ſeen. [*Aſide.*
Placid. Sir, ſhall ſhe dy?
Max. ——— Conſider ſhe's a Queen.
Placid. Thoſe claims in *Cleopatra* ended were.
Max. How many *Cleopatra's* live in her! [*Aſide.*
Placid. When you condemn'd her, Sir, ſhe was a Queen.
Max. No, Slave; ſhe only was a Captive then.
S. Cath. My joyful Sentence you defer to long.
Max. I never knew that Life was ſuch a wrong.
But if you needs will dy: --- it ſhall be ſo.
—Yet think it does from your perverſneſs flow.
Men ſay, indeed, that I in Blood delight;
But you ſhall find ——— Haſte, take her from my ſight.
—For *Maximin* I have too much confeſt:
And for a Lover not enough expreſt.
Abſent, I may her Martyrdom decree;
But one look more will make that Martyr me. [*Exit S.* Catharine
Placid. What is it, Sir, that ſhakes your mighty mind? *Guarded.*]
Max. Somewhat I am aſham'd that thou ſhouldſt find.
Placid. If it be Love which does your Soul poſſeſs ———
Max. Are you my Rival that ſo ſoon you gueſs? *Placid.*

Placid. Far, mighty Prince, be such a crime from me. [*Kneeling.*]
Which, with the pride, includes impiety.
Could you forgive it, yet the Gods above
Would never pardon me a Christian Love.

Max. Thou ly'st : ----- there's not a God inhabits there,
But for this Christian would all Heav'n forswear.
Ev'n *Jove* would try more shapes her Love to win :
And in new birds, and unknown beasts would sin ;
At least, if *Jove* could love like *Maximin.*

Placid. A Captive, Sir, who would a Martyr dye?

Max. She courts not death, but shuns Captivity.
Great gifts, and greater promises I'le make ;
And what Religion is't, but they can shake?
She shall live high : ——Devotion in distress
Is born, but vanishes in happiness. *Exit* Maximin.

Placid. solus. His Son forgot, his Empress unappeas'd ;
How soon the Tyrant with new Love is seiz'd!
Love various minds does variously inspire :
He stirs in gentle Natures gentle fire ;
Like that of Incense on the Altars laid :
But raging flames tempestuous Souls invade.
A fire which every windy passion blows ;
With pride it mounts, and with revenge it glows.
But I accurs'd, who servilely must move ;
And sooth his passion for his Daughters Love!
Small hope, 'tis true, attends my mighty care.
But of all passions Love does last despair. *Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Royal Pavilion.

Maximin, Placidius, *Guards and Attendants.*

Max. THis Love that never could my youth engage,
Peeps out his coward head to dare my age.

Where haſt thou been thus long, thou ſleeping form,
That wak'ſt like drowſie Sea-men in a ſtorm?
A ſullen hour thou chuſeſt for thy birth:
My Love ſhoots up in tempeſts, as the Earth
Is ſtirr'd and looſen'd in a bluſt'ring wind,
Whoſe blaſts to waiting flowers her womb unbind.

Placid. Forgive me, if I ſay your paſſions are
So rough, as if in Love you would make War.
But Love is ſoft———
And with ſoft beauty tenderly complies;
In lips it laughs, and languiſhes in eyes.

Max. There let it laugh; or, like an Infant, weep:
I cannot ſuch a ſupple paſſion keep.
Mine, ſtiff with age, and ſtubborn as my arms,
Walks upright; ſtoops not to, but meets her charms.

Placid. Yet fierceneſs ſuits not with her gentle kind;
They brave aſſaults; but may be undermin'd.

Max. Till I in thoſe mean Arts am better read,
Court thou, and fawn, and flatter in my ſtead.

Enter S. Catharine.

She comes; and now, methinks, I could obey:
Her form glides through me, and my heart gives way:
This Ironheart, which no impreſſion took
From Wars, melts down, and runs, if ſhe but look.

Exit Maximin.

Placid. Madam, I from the Emperour am come
T'applaude your Vertue, and reverſe your doom.
He thinks, whatever your Religion be,
This Palm is owing to your conſtancy.

S. Cath. My conſtancy from him ſeeks no renown;
Heav'n, that propos'd the courſe, will give the Crown.

Placid. But Monarchs are the Gods Vicegerents here;
Heav'n gives rewards; but what it gives they bear:
From Heav'n to you th'Ægyptian Crown is ſent,
Yet 'tis a Prince who does the gift preſent.

S. Cath. The Deity I ſerve, had he thought fit,
Could have preſerv'd my Crown unconquer'd yet:

But

But when his ſecret Providence deſign'd
To level that, he levell'd too my mind;
Which, by contracting its deſires, is taught
The humble quiet of poſſeſſing nought.
Placid. To Stoicks leave a happineſs ſo mean:
Your Vertue does deſerve a nobler Scene.
You are not for obſcurity deſign'd:
But, like the Sun, muſt cheer all humane kind.
S. Cath. No happineſs can be where is no reſt:
Th' unknown, untalk'd of man is only bleſt.
He, as in ſome ſafe Cliff, his Cell does keep,
From thence he views the labours of the Deep:
The Gold-fraught Veſſel which mad tempeſts beat,
He ſees now vainly make to his retreat:
And, when from far, the tenth wave does appear,
Shrinks up in ſilent joy, that he's not there.
Placid. You have a Pilot who your Ship ſecures;
The Monarch both of Earth and Seas is yours.
He who ſo freely gives a Crown away,
Yet aſks no tribute but what you may pay.
One ſmile on him a greater wealth beſtows,
Than *Ægypt* yields, when *Nilus* overflows.
S. Cath. I cannot wholly innocent appear,
Since I have liv'd ſuch words as theſe to hear.
O Heav'n, which doſt of chaſtity take care! ——
Placid. Why do you loſe an unregarded pray'r?
If happineſs, as you believe, be reſt,
That quiet ſure is by the Gods poſſeſt: ——
'Tis greatneſs to neglect, or not to know
The little buſineſs of the world below.
S. Cath. This doctrine well befitted him who thought
A caſual world was from wild Atoms wrought:
But ſuch an order in each chance we ſee,
(Chain'd to its cauſe, as that to its decree,)
That none can think a workmanſhip ſo rare,
Was built or kept without a Workman's care.

To them Maximin, *Attendants, and Guards.*

Max. Madam, you from *Placidius* may have heard

Some

Some news, which will your happineſs regard.
Th' Ægyptian Crown I to your hands remit;
And, with it, take his heart who offers it. *She turns aſide.*
Do you my perſon and my gift contemn?
S. Cath. My hopes purſue a brighter Diadem.
Max. Can any brighter than the Roman be?
I find my proffer'd Love has cheapned me:
Since you neglect to anſwer my deſires,
Know, Princeſs, you ſhall burn in other fires.
——Why ſhould you urge me to ſo black a deed?
Think all my anger did from Love proceed.
S. Cath. Nor threats nor promiſes my mind can move:
Your furious anger, nor your impious Love.
Max. The Love of you can never impious be;
You are ſo pure——
That in the Act 'twould change th' impiety.
Heav'n would unmake it ſin——
S. Cath. I take my ſelf from thy deteſted ſight:
To my reſpect thou haſt no longer right:
Such pow'r in bonds true piety can have,
That I command, and thou art but a Slave. *Exit. S.* Cath.
Max. To what a height of arrogance ſhe ſwells!
Pride or ill nature ſtill with Vertue dwells;
Her death ſhall ſet me free this very hour;
——But is her death within a Lovers pow'r?
Wild with my rage, more wild with my deſire,
Like meeting tides----- but mine are tides of fire.
What petty promiſe was't that caus'd this frown?
Placid. You heard: no leſs than the Ægyptian Crown.
Max. Throw *Ægypt's* by, and offer in the ſtead;
Offer----- the Crown on *Berenice's* head.
I am reſolv'd to double till I win;
About it ſtraight, and ſend *Porphyrius* in. *Exit* Placid.
We look like Eagles tow'ring in the Sky;
While her high flight ſtill raiſes mine more high.
To him Porphyrius.
Por. I come, Sir, to expect your great commands.
Max. My happineſs lyes only in thy hands.

And,

And, since I have adopted thee my Son,
I'le keep no secret from thy breast unknown:
Led by the int'rest of my rising Fate,
I did espouse this Empress whom I hate:
And therefore with less shame I may declare,
That I the Fetters of thy Captive wear.

Por. Sir, you amaze me with so strange a Love.

Max. Pity, my Son, those flames you disapprove.
The cause of Love can never be assign'd;
'Tis in no face, but in the Lover's mind.

Por. Yet there are Beauties which attract all hearts;
And all mankind lyes open to their darts:
Whose Soveraignty, without dispute, we grant;
Such Graces, sure, your Empress does not want.

Max. Beauty has bounds,——
And can no more to every heart be so,
Than any Coin through every Land can go.
Some secret Grace, which is but so to me,
Though not so great, may yet more pow'rful be:
All guard themselves when stronger Foes invade;
Yet, by the weak, surprizes may be made:
But you, my Son, are not to judge, but aid.

Por. What is it, Sir, you can require of me?

Max. I would from *Berenice's* bonds be free:
This yoke of Marriage from us both remove,
Where two are bound to draw, though neither love.

Por. Neither the Gods nor man will give consent
To put in practice your unjust intent.

Max. Both must consent to that which I decree.

Por. The Souldiers love her Brother's memory;
And for her sake some Mutiny will stir.

Max. Our parting therefore---shall be sought by her.
Go, bid her sue for a Divorce, or dye;
I'le cut the knot, if she will not untye:
Haste to prepare her, and thy self return;
Thy *Hymen's* Torch this day with mine shall burn. *Exit.*

Por. Rather my Funeral-torch; ----for though I know
Valeria's fair, and that she loves me too,

'Gainst

Gainſt her my Soul is arm'd on every part:
Yet there are ſecret Rivets to my heart;
Where *Berenice's* Charms have found the way;
Subtile as Lightnings, but more fierce than they.
How ſhall I this avoid, or gain that Love!
So near the Rock I, to the Port, muſt move.

To him Valeria *attended.*

Val. Porphyrius, now my joy I may expreſs,
Nor longer hide the Love I muſt poſſeſs.
Should I have ſtay'd till Marriage made us one,
You might have thought it was by duty done;
But of my heart I now a preſent make;
And give it you e're it be yours to take.
Accept it as when early fruit we ſend:
And let the rareneſs the ſmall gift commend.

Por. Great Monarchs, like your Father, often give
What is above a Subject to receive:
But faithful Officers ſhould countermand,
And ſtop the gift that paſſes through their hand:
And to their Prince, that maſs of wealth reſtore,
Which laviſh'd thus, would make whole Nations poor.

Val. But to this gift a double right you have:
My Father gives but what before I gave.

Por. In vain you ſuch unequal preſents make,
Which I ſtill want capacity to take.
Such fatal bounty once the *Gaules* did ſhow;
They threw their Rings, but threw their Targets too.
Bounty ſo plac'd, does more like ruine look;
You pour the Ocean on a narrow Brook.

Val. Yet, if your Love before prepares a Boat,
The ſtream ſo pour'd, drowns not, but makes it float.

Por. But when the Veſſel is on Quick-ſands caſt,
The flowing tide does more the ſinking haſt.

Val. And on what Quick-ſands can your heart be thrown?
Can you a Love beſides *Valeria's* own?

Por. If he who at your feet his heart would lay,
Be met with firſt, and robb'd upon the way,

You

You may indeed the Robbers ſtrength accuſe,
But pardon him who did the Preſent loſe.
Val. Who is this Thief that does my right poſſeſs?
Name her, and then we of her ſtrength may gueſs.-----
From whence does your unwonted ſilence come?
Por. She bound and gag'd me, and has left me dumb.
Val. But of my wrongs I will aloud complain:
Falſe man, thou would'ſt excuſe thy ſelf in vain:
For thee I did a Maidens bluſh forſake;
And own'd a Love thou haſt refus'd to take.
Por. Refus'd it! -----like a Miſer midſt his ſtore,
Who graſps and graſps, till he can hold no more,
And when his ſtrength is wanting to his mind,
Looks back, and ſighs on what he left behind.
Val. No, I reſume that heart thou didſt poſſeſs;
My Father ſhall my injuries redreſs:
With me thou loſeſt his Imperial Crown,
And ſpeedy death attends upon his frown.
Por. You may revenge your wrongs a nobler way;
Command my death, and I will ſoon obey.
Val. No, live; for on thy life my cure depends:
In Debters deaths all obligation ends:
'Twill be ſome eaſe Ungrateful thee to call;
And, Bankrupt-like, ſay, truſting him loſt all.
Por. Upbraided thus, what gen'rous man would live!
But Fortune will revenge what you forgive.
When I refuſe, (as in few hours I muſt)
This offer'd grace, your Father will be juſt.
Val. Be juſt! ſay rather he will cruel prove,
To kill that only perſon I can love.
Yet ſo it is! ——————
Your int'reſt in the Army is ſo high,
That he muſt make you his, or you muſt dye!
It is reſolv'd! who e're my Rival be, *Aſide after a pauſe.*
I'le ſhow that I deſerve him more than ſhe.
And if at laſt he does ingrateful prove,
My conſtancy it ſelf rewards my Love. *Exit.*
Por. She's gone, and gazing round about, I ſee

Nothing but death, or glorious misery ;
Here Empire stands, if I could Love displace ;
There, hopeless Love, with more Imperial Grace :
Thus, as a sinking Hero compass'd round,
Beckens his bravest Foe for his last wound,
And him into his part of Fame does call,
I'le turn my face to Love, and there I'le fall.

To him Berenice, Erotion.

Ber. I come, *Porphyrius*, to congratulate
This happy change of your exalted Fate :
You to the Empire are, I hear, design'd ;
And fair *Valeria* must th' Alliance bind.

Por. Would Heav'n had my succession so decreed,
That I in all might *Maximin* succeed !
He offers me th' Imperial Crown, 'tis true ;
I would succeed him, but it is in you.

Ber. In me ! I never did accept your Love ;
But you, I see, would handsomly remove :
And I can give you leave without a frown :
I always thought you merited a Crown.

Por. I never sought that Crown but on your brow ;
But you with such indifference would allow
My change, that you have kill'd me with that breath :
I feel your scorn cold as the hand of death.

Ber. You'l come to life in your *Valeria's* arms :
'Tis true, I cannot boast of equal Charms ;
Or if I could, I never did admit
Your Love to me, but only suffer'd it.
I am a Wife, and can make no return ;
And 'twere but vain, in hopeless fires to burn.

Por. Unkind ! can you whom only I adore,
Set open to your Slave the Prison-door ?
You use my heart just as you would afford
A fatal freedom to some harmless bird,
Whom, breeding, you ne're taught to seek its food ;
And now let flye to perish in the Wood.

Ber. Then, if you will love on, and disobey,
And lose an Empire for my sake, you may.

Will

Will a kind look from me pay all this ſcore,
For you well know you muſt expect no more?
Por. All I deſerve it will, not all I wiſh:
But I will brave the Tyrants rage, for this.
If I refuſe, my death muſt needs enſue;
But you ſhall ſee that I dare dye for you.
Ber. Would you for me,
A Beauty, and an Empire too deny?
I love you now ſo well----- that you ſhall dye.
Dye mine; 'tis all I can with honour give:
Nor ſhould you dye, if after, I would live.
But when your Marriage and your Death I view,
That makes you falſe, but this will keep you true.
Por. Unbind thy brows, and look abroad to ſee,
O mighty Love, thy mightieſt Victory!
Ber. And yet---- is there no other way to try?
'Tis hard to ſay I love, and let you dye.
Por. Yes, there remains ſome help which you might give,
If you, as I would dye for Love, would live.
Ber. If death for Love be ſweet, ſure life is more:
Teach me the means your ſafety to reſtore.
Por. Your Tyrant the Ægyptian Princeſs loves;
And to that height his ſwelling paſſion moves,
That, fearing in your death the Souldiers force,
He from your bed does ſtudy a Divorce.
Ber. Th' Ægyptian Princeſs I diſputing hard,
And as a Miracle her mind regard.
But yet I wiſh that this Divorce be true. *Gives her hand.*
Por. 'Tis, Madam, but it muſt be ſought by you.
By this he will all Mutinies prevent;
And this, as well, ſecures your own content.
Ber. I hate this Tyrant, and his bed I loath;
But, once ſubmitting, I am ty'd to both:
Ty'd to that Honour, which all Women owe,
Though not their Husbands perſon, yet their vow.
Something ſo ſacred in that bond there is,
That none ſhould think there could be ought amiſs:
And if there be, we ſhould in ſilence hide

Thoſe faults, which blame our choice when they are ſpy'd.
Por. But, ſince to all the world his crimes are known,
And, by himſelf the Civil War's begun,
Would you th' advantage of the fight delay,
If, ſtriking firſt, you were to win the day?
Ber. I would, like Jews upon their Sabbath fall:
And rather than ſtrike firſt, not ſtrike at all.
Por. Againſt your ſelf you ſadly propheſie:
You either this Divorce muſt ſeek, or dye.
Ber. Then death from all my griefs ſhall ſet me free.
Por. And would you rather chuſe your death, than me?
Ber. My earthy part———
Which is my Tyrants right, death will remove,
I'le come all Soul and Spirit to your Love.
With ſilent ſteps I'le follow you all day;
Or elſe before you, in the Sun-beams, play.
I'le lead you thence to melancholy Groves,
And there repeat the Scenes of our paſt Loves.
At night, I will within your Curtains peep;
With empty arms embrace you while you ſleep.
In gentle dreams I often will be by;
And ſweep along, before your cloſing eye.
All dangers from your bed I will remove;
But guard it moſt from any future Love.
And when at laſt, in pity, you will dye,
I'le watch your Birth of Immortality:
Then, Turtle-like, I'le to my Mate repair;
And teach you your firſt flight in open Air.
Exit Berenice *cum* Erotio.
Por. She has but done what Honour did require:
Nor can I blame that Love, which I admire.
But then her death!
I'le ſtand betwixt, it firſt ſhall pierce my heart:
We will be ſtuck together on his dart.
But yet the danger not ſo high does grow:
I'le charge death firſt, perhaps repulſe him too.
But, if o'repow'r'd, I muſt be overcome;
Forc'dback, I'le fight each inch into my Tomb. *Exit.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Indian Cave.

Placidius, Nigrinus. Nigrinus *with two drawn Swords, held upward in his hands.*

Placid. ALL other means have fail'd to move her heart;
Our laſt recourſe is, therefore, to your Art.
Nig. Of Wars, and Bloodſhed, and of dire Events,
Of Fates, and fighting Kings, their Inſtruments,
I could with greater certainty foretell;
Love only does in doubts and darkneſs dwell.
For, like a wind, it in no quarter ſtays;
But points and veers each hour a thouſand ways.
On Women Love depends, and they on Will;
Chance turns their Orb while Deſtiny ſits ſtill.
Placid. Leave nothing unattempted in your pow'r:
Remember you oblige an Emperour.
Nig. An earthy Fiend by compact me obeys;
But him to light intents I muſt not raiſe.
Some Aſtral forms I muſt invoke by prayer,
Fram'd all of pureſt Atoms of the Air;
Not in their Natures ſimply good or ill;
But moſt ſubſervient to bad Spirits will.
Nakar of theſe does lead the mighty Band,
For eighty Legions move at his Command:
Gentle to all, but, far above the reſt,
Mild *Nakar* loves his ſoft *Damilcar* beſt.
In Aery Chariots they together ride;
And ſip the dew as through the Clouds they glide:
Theſe are the Spirits which in Love have pow'r.
Placid. Haſte, and invoke 'em in a happy hour.
Nig. And ſo it proves: for, counting ſev'n from Noon,
'Tis *Venus* hour, and in the wexing Moon.

With

With Chalk I firſt deſcribe a Circle here,
Where theſe Ætherial Spirits muſt appear.
Come in, come in; for here they will be ſtrait:
Around, around, the place I fumigate:
My fumigation is to *Venus*, juſt:
The Souls of Roſes, and red Corals duſt:
A lump of *Sperma Ceti*; and to theſe
The ſtalks and chips of *Lignum Alöes*.
And, laſt, to make my fumigation good,
'Tis mixt with Sparrows brains, and Pigeons blood.

Nigrinus *takes up the Swords.*

They come, they come, they come! I hear 'em now.

Placid. A death-like damp ſits cold upon my brow:
And miſty vapours ſwim before my ſight.

Nig. They come not in a ſhape to cauſe your fright.

Nakar *and* Damilcar *deſcend in Clouds, and ſing.*

Nakar. *Hark, my* Damilcar, *we are call'd below!*

Dam. *Let us go, let us go!*
Go to relieve the care
Of longing Lovers in deſpair!

Nakar. *Merry, merry, merry, we ſail from the Eaſt*
Half tippled at a Rain-bow Feaſt.

Dam. *In the bright Moon-ſhine while winds whiſtle loud,*
Tivy, tivy, tivy, we mount and we fly,
All racking along in a downy white Cloud:
And leſt our leap from the Skie ſhould prove too far,
We ſlide on the back of a new-falling Star.

Nakar. *And drop from above,*
In a Gelly of Love!

Dam. *But now the Sun's down, and the Element's red,*
The Spirits of Fire againſt us make head!

Nakar. *They muſter, they muſter, like Gnats in the Air:*
Alas! I muſt leave thee, my Fair;
And to my light Horſe-men repair.

Dam. *O ſtay, for you need not to fear 'em to night;*
The wind is for us, and blows full in their ſight:
And o're the wide Ocean we fight!
Like leaves in the Autumn our Foes will fall down;
And hiſs in the Water----

Both.

Both. *And hiſs in the Water and drown!*
Nakar. *But their men lye ſecurely intrench'd in a Cloud:*
And a Trumpeter-Hornet to battel ſounds loud.
Dam. *Now Mortals that ſpie*
How we tilt in the Skie
With wonder will gaze;
And fear ſuch events as will ne're come to paſs!
Nakar. *Stay you to perform what the man will have done.*
Dam. *Then call me again when the Battel is won.*
Both. *So ready and quick is a Spirit of Air*
To pity the Lover, and ſuccour the fair,
That, ſilent and ſwift, the little ſoft God
Is here with a wiſh, and is gone with a nod.
The Clouds part, Nakar *flies up, and* Damilcar *down.*
Nig. I charge thee, Spirit, ſtay; and by the pow'r [*To* Damilcar.]
Of *Nakar's* Love, and of this holy Wand
On the North quarter of my Circle ſtand:
(Sev'n foot around for my defence I take!)
To all my queſtions faithful anſwers make,
So may'ſt thou live thy thouſand years in peace;
And ſee thy Aery progeny increaſe:
So may'ſt thou ſtill continue young and fair,
Fed by the blaſt of pure Ætherial Air.
And, thy full term expir'd, without all pain
Diſſolve into thy Aſtral ſource again.
Dam. Name not my hated Rival *Gemory*,
And I'le ſpeak true whate're thy queſtions be.
Nig. Thy Rivals hated name I will refrain:
Speak, ſhall the Emperour his love obtain?
Dam. Few hours ſhall paſs before your Emperour ſhall be
Poſſeſs'd of that he loves, or from that love be free.
Placid. Shall I enjoy that Beauty I adore?
Dam. She Suppliant-like, e're long, thy ſuccour ſhall implore:
And thou with her thou lov'ſt in happineſs may'ſt live:
If ſhe not dies before, who all thy joys can give.
Nig. Say, what does the Ægyptian Princeſs now?
Dam. A gentle ſlumber ſits upon her brow:
Nig. Go, ſtand before her in a golden dream:

Ser

Set all the pleaſures of the world to ſhow,
And in vain joys let her looſe ſpirit flow.

Dam. Twice fifty Tents remove her from your ſight,
But I'll cut through e'm all with rays of light:
And covering other objects to your eyes,
Show where intranc'd in ſilent ſleep ſhe lies.

Damilcar *ſtamps, and the Bed ariſes with S.* Catharine *in it.*

Dam. ſinging. *You pleaſing dreams of Love and ſweet delight,*
Appear before this ſlumbring Virgins ſight:
Soft viſions ſet her free
From mournful piety.
Let her ſad thoughts from Heav'n retire;
And let the Melancholy Love
Of thoſe remoter joys above
Give place to your more ſprightly fire.
Let purling ſtreams be in her fancy ſeen;
And flowry Meads, and Vales of chearful green:
And in the midſt of deathleſs Groves
Soft ſighing wiſhes ly,
And ſmiling hopes faſt by,
And juſt beyond e'm ever laughing Loves.

A Scene of a Paradiſe is diſcovered.

Placid. Some pleaſing objects do her mind employ;
For on her face I read a wandring Joy.

SONG.

Dam. *Ah how ſweet it is to love,*
Ah how gay is young deſire!
And what pleaſing pains we prove
When we firſt approach Loves fire!
Pains of Love be ſweeter far
Than all other pleaſures are.

Sighs which are from Lovers blown,
Do but gently heave the Heart:

Ev'n

Ev'n the tears they ſhed alone
Cure, like trickling Balm their ſmart.
Lovers when they loſe their breath,
Bleed away in eaſie death.

Love and Time with reverence uſe,
Treat 'em like a parting friend:
Nor the golden gifts refuſe
Which in youth ſincere they ſend:
For each year their price is more,
And they leſs ſimple than before.

Love, like Spring-tides full and high,
Swells in every youthful vein:
But each Tide does leſs ſupply,
Till they quite ſhrink in again:
If a flow in Age appear,
'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

At the end of the Song a Dance of Spirits. After which Amariel, *the Guardian-Angel of S.* Catharine, *deſcends to ſoft Muſick, with a flaming Sword. The Spirits crawl off the Stage amazedly, and* Damilcar *runs to a corner of it.*

Amar. From the bright Empire of Eternal day,
Where waiting minds for Heav'ns Commiſſion ſtay,
Amariel flies: (a darted Mandate came
From that great will which moves this mighty Frame,
Bid me to thee, my Royal charge, repair,
To guard thee from the Dæmons of the Air;
My flaming Sword above 'em to diſplay,
(All keen and ground upon the edge of day;)
The flat to ſweep the Viſions from thy mind,
The edge to cut 'em through that ſtay behind.)
Vain Spirits, you that ſhunning Heav'ns high noon,
Swarm here beneath the concave of the Moon,
What folly, or what rage your duty blinds,
To violate the ſleep of holy minds?

Hence, to the task assign'd you here below:
Upon the Ocean make loud Tempests blow:
Into the wombs of hollow Clouds repair,
And crush out Thunder from the bladder'd Air.
From pointed Sun-beams take the Mists they drew,
And scatter 'em again in pearly dew:
And of the bigger drops they drain below,
Some mould in Hail, and others stamp in Snow.

Dam. Mercy, bright Spirit, I already feel
The piercing edge of thy immortal steel:
Thou, Prince of day, from Elements Art free;
And I all body when compar'd to thee.
Thou tread'st th' Abyss of light!
And where it streams with open eyes canst go:
We wander in the Fields of Air below:
Changlings and Fooles of Heav'n: and thence shut out,
Wildly we roam in discontent about:
Gross-heavy-fed, next man in ignorance and sin,
And spotted all without; and dusky all within.
Without thy Sword I perish by thy sight,
I reel, and stagger, and am drunk with light.

Ama. If e're again thou on this place art found,
Full fifty years I'le chain thee under ground;
The damps of Earth shall be thy daily food;
All swoln and bloated like a dungeon toad:
And when thou shalt be freed, yet thou shalt ly
Gasping upon the ground, too faint to fly;
And lag below thy fellows in the sky.

Dam. O pardon, pardon this accursed deed,
And I no more on Magick fumes will feed;
Which drew me hither by their pow'rful steams.

Ama. to S. Cath. Go expiate thy guilt in holy dreams. [*Ex.* Dam.
But thou, sweet Saint, henceforth disturb'd no more
With dreams not thine, thy thoughts to Heav'n restore.

The Angel ascends, and the Scene shuts.

Nig. Some holy Being does invade this place,
And from their duty does my Spirits chase.
I dare no longer near it make abode:

No,

No Charms prevail againſt the Chriſtians God. *Exit.*

Placid. How doubtfully theſe Specters Fate foretell!
In double ſenſe, and twi-light truth they dwell:
Like fawning Courtiers for ſucceſs they wait,
And then come ſmiling and declare for Fate.

Enter Maximin *and* Porphyrius, *attended by* Valerius *and Guards.*

But ſee, the Tyrant and my Rival come:
I, like the Fiends, will flatter in his doom:
None but a Fool diſtaſtful truth will tell,
So it be new and pleaſe, 'tis full as well.

Placid. *whiſpers with the Emperour who ſeems pleas'd.*

Max. You charm me with your news, which I'le reward:
By hopes we are for coming joys prepar'd:
Poſſeſs her Love, or from that Love be free-----
Heav'n ſpeaks me fair: if ſhe as kind can prove,
I ſhall poſſeſs, but never quit my Love.
Go, tell me when ſhe wakes---- *Exit* Placidius.

Porphyrius *ſeems to beg ſomething of him.*

——————*Porphyrius*, no;
She has refus'd, and I will keep my vow.

Por. For your own ſake your cruel vow defer;
The time's unſafe, your Enemies are near.
And to diſpleaſe your men when they ſhould fight——

Max. My looks alone my Enemies will fright;
And o're my men I'le ſet my careful Spies,
To watch Rebellion in their very eyes.
No more, I cannot bear the leaſt reply.

Por. Yet, Tyrant, thou ſhalt periſh e're ſhe dye. *Aſide.*

Enter Valeria.

Valeria here! how Fortune treats me ſtill
With various harms, magnificently ill!

Max. Valeria, I was ſending to your Tent, *To Valeria.*
But my Commands your preſence does prevent.
This is the hour, wherein the Prieſt ſhall joyn
Your holy Loves, and make *Porphyrius* mine.

Val. aside. Now hold, my Heart, and *Venus* I implore,
Be Judge if she he loves deserves him more.
Por. aside. Past hope! and all in vain I would preserve
My life, not for my self, but her I serve.
Val. I come, great Sir, your justice to demand. *To the Emp.*
Max. You cannot doubt it from a Fathers hand.
Por. Sir, I confess before her Suit be known;
And, by my self condemn'd, my crime I own.
I have refus'd———
Val. ———Peace, peace, while I confess
I have refus'd thee for unworthiness.
Por. I am amaz'd.
Max. ———What Riddles do you use?
Dare either of you my Commands refuse?
Val. Yes, I dare owne how e're 'twas wisely done
T' adopt so mean a person for your Son:
So low you should not for your Daughter chuse:
And therefore, Sir, this Marriage I refuse.
Max. You lik'd the choice when first I thought it fit.
Val. I had not then enough consider'd it.
Max. And you have now consider'd it too much:
Secrets of Empire are not safe to touch.
Por. Let not your mighty anger rise too high;
'Tis not *Valeria* merits it, but I.
My own unworthiness so well I knew,
That from her Love I consciously withdrew.
Val. Thus rather than endure the little shame
To be refus'd, you blast a Virgins name.
You to refuse, and I to be deny'd!
Learn more discretion, or be taught less pride.
Por. O Heav'n, in what a Labyrinth am I led!
I could get out, but she detains the thred!
Now I must wander on till I can see,
Whether her pity or revenge it be! *Aside.*
Max. With what childs anger do you think you play?
I'le punish both, if either disobey.
Val. Since all the fault was mine, I am content
Porphyrius should not share the punishment.

Por.

Por. Blind that I was till now, that could not ſee,
'Twas all th' effect of generoſity.
She loves me, ev'n to ſuffer for my ſake;
And on her ſelf would my refuſal take. *Aſide.*

Max. Children to ſerve their Parents int'reſt, live. *To* Val.
Take heed what doom againſt your ſelf you give.

Por. Since ſhe muſt ſuffer, if I do not ſpeak,
'Tis time the Laws of Decency to break.
She told me, Sir, that ſhe your choice approv'd:
And (though I bluſh to owne it) ſaid ſhe lov'd.
Lov'd me deſertleſs, who, with ſhame, confeſt,
Another flame had ſeiz'd upon my breſt.
Which when, too late, the generous Princeſs knew,
And fear'd your juſtice would my crime purſue,
Upon her ſelf ſhe makes the Tempeſt fall,
And my refuſal her contempt would call.

Val. He raves, Sir, and to cover my diſdain,
Unhandſomly would his denial feign.
And all means failing him, at laſt would try
T' uſurp the credit of a ſcorn, and dye.
But---- let him live: ----his puniſhment ſhall be
The grief his pride will bring for loſing me.

Max. You both obnoxious to my juſtice are;
And, Daughter, you have not deſerv'd my care.
'Tis my Command you ſtrictly guarded be,
Till your fantaſtick quarrel you agree.

Por. Sir———

Max. I'le not hear you ſpeak, her crime is plain,
She owns her pride which you perhaps my feign.
She ſhall be Priſoner till ſhe bend her mind
To that which is for both of you deſign'd.

Val. You'l find it hard my free-born will to bound.

Max. I'le find that pow'r o're wills which Heav'n ne're found.
Free will's a cheat in any one but me:
In all but Kings 'tis willing ſlavery.
An unſeen Fate which forces the deſire:
The will of Puppets danc'd upon a wyre.
A Monarch is

The

The Spirit of the World in every mind;
He may match Wolves to Lambs, and make it kind.
Mine is the buſineſs of your little Fates:
And though you war, like petty wrangling States,
You're in my hand; and when I bid you ceaſe,
You ſhall be cruſh'd together into peace.

Val. aſide. Thus by the world my courage will be priz'd;
Seeming to ſcorn, who am, alas, deſpis'd:
Dying for Love's, fulfilling Honour's Laws;
A ſecret Martyr while I owne no cauſe.

Exeunt Porphyrius *and* Valeria *ſeverally.*

To Maximin *enter S.* Catharine.

S. Cath. I come not now, as Captive to your pow'r,
To beg; but as high Heav'ns Embaſſadour,
The Laws of my Religion to fulfill:
Heav'n ſends me to return you good for ill.
Your Empreſs to your Love I would reſtore;
And to your mind the peace it had before.

Max. While in anothers name you Peace declare,
Princeſs, you in your own proclaim a War.
Your too great pow'r does your deſign oppoſe;
You make thoſe breaches which you ſtrive to cloſe.

S. Cath. That little beauty which too much you prize
Seeks not to move your heart, or draw your eyes:
Your Love to *Berenice* is due alone:
Love, like that pow'r which I adore, is one.
When fixt to one, it ſafe at Anchor rides,
And dares the fury of the winds and tides:
But loſing once that hold, to the wide Ocean born,
It drives away at will, to every wave a ſcorn.

Max. If to new perſons I my Love apply,
The Stars and Nature are in fault, not I:
My Loves are like my old Prætorian Bands,
Whoſe Arbitrary pow'r their Prince commands:
I can no more make paſſion come or go,
Than you can bid your *Nilus* ebb or flow.
'Tis lawleſs, and will love, and where it liſt:
And that's no ſin which no man can reſiſt:

Thoſe

Thoſe who impute it to me as a crime,
Would make a God of me before my time.
S. Cath. A God, indeed, after the Roman ſtyle,
An Eagle mounting from a kindled Pile:
But you may make your ſelf a God below:
For Kings who rule their own deſires are ſo.
You roam about, and never are at reſt;
By new deſires, that is, new torments, ſtill poſſeſt.
Qualmiſh and loathing all you had before:
Yet with a ſickly appetite to more.
As in a fev'riſh dream you ſtill drink on;
And wonder why your thirſt is never gone.
Love, like a ghoſtly Viſion haunts your mind;
'Tis ſtill before you what you left behind.
Max. How can I help thoſe faults which Nature made?
My appetite is ſickly and decay'd,
And you forbid me change (the ſick mans eaſe)
Who cannot cure, muſt humour his diſeaſe.
S. Cath. Your mind ſhould firſt the remedy begin;
You ſeek without, the Cure that is within.
The vain experiments you make each day,
To find content, ſtill finding it decay,
Without attempting more, ſhould let you ſee
That you have ſought it where it ne're could be.
But when you place your joys on things above,
You fix the wand'ring Planet of your Love:
Thence you may ſee
Poor humane kind all daz'd in open day,
Erre after bliſs, and blindly miſs their way:
The greateſt happineſs a Prince can know,
Is to love Heav'n above, do good below.

To them Berenice *and Attendants.*

Ber. That happineſs may *Berenice* find,
Leaving theſe empty joys of Earth behind:
And this frail Being, where ſo ſhort a while
Th' unfortunate lament, and proſp'rous ſmile.
Yet a few days, and thoſe which now appear
In youth and beauty like the blooming year,

In

In life's swift Scene shall change; and cares shall come,
And heavy age, and death's relentless doom. (shun;
S. Cath. Yet man, by pleasures seeks that Fate which he would
And, suck'd in by the stream, does to the Whirl-pool run.
Max. How, Madam, are you to new ways inclin'd? *To* Ber.
I fear the Christian Sect perverts your mind.
Ber. Yes, Tyrant, know that I their Faith embrace,
And owne it in the midst of my disgrace.
That Faith, which abject as it seems to thee,
Is nobler than thy Purple Pageantry:
A Faith, which still with Nature is at strife;
And looks beyond it to a future life.
A Faith which vitious Souls abhor and fear,
Because it shows Eternity to near.
And therefore every one———
With seeming scorn of it the rest deceives:
All joyning not to owne what each believes.
S. Cath. O happy Queen! whom pow'r leads not astray,
Nor youth's more pow'rful blandishments betray.
Ber. Your Arguments my reason first inclin'd,
And then your bright example fix'd my mind.
Max. With what a holy Empress am I blest,
What scorn of Earth dwells in her heav'nly breast!
My Crown's too mean; but he whom you adore,
Has one more bright of Martyrdom in store.
She dyes, and I am from the envy freed: *Aside.*
She has, I thank her, her own death decreed.
No Souldier now will in her rescue stir;
Her death is but in complaisance to her.
I'le haste to gratifie her holy will;
Heav'n grant her zeal may but continue still.
To Val. Tribune, a Guard to seize the Empress strait,
Secure her Person Pris'ner to the State. *Exit* Maximin.
Val. going to her. Madam, believe 'tis with regret I come
To execute my angry Prince's doom.
Enter Porphyrius.
Por. What is it I behold! Tribune, from whence
Proceeds this more than barbarous insolence?

Val.

Val. Sir, I perform the Emperour's Commands.
Por. Villain, hold off thy ſacrilegious hands,
Or by the Gods——retire without reply:
And, if he aſks who bid thee, ſay 'twas I.
Valerius *retires to a diſtance.*
Ber. Too generouſly your ſafety you expoſe
To ſave one moment her whom you muſt loſe.
Por. 'Twixt you and death ten thouſand lives there ſtand;
Have courage, Madam, the Prætorian Band
Will all oppoſe your Tyrants cruelty.
S. Cath. And I have Heav'n implor'd ſhe may not dye.
As ſome to witneſs truth Heav'ns call obey;
So ſome on Earth muſt, to confirm it, ſtay.
Por. What Faith, what Witneſs is it that you name?
Ber. Knowing what ſhe believes, my Faith's the ſame.
Por. How am I croſs'd what way ſo e're I go!
To the unlucky every thing is ſo.
Now, Fortune, thou haſt ſhown thy utmoſt ſpight:
The Souldiers will not for a Chriſtian fight.
And, Madam, all that I can promiſe now,
Is but to dye before death reaches you.
Ber. Now death draws near, a ſtrange perplexity
Creeps coldly on me, like a fear to dye:
Courage, uncertain dangers may abate;
But who can bear th' approach of certain Fate?
S. Cath. The wiſeſt and the beſt ſome fear may ſhow;
And wiſh to ſtay, though they reſolve to go.
Ber. As ſome faint Pilgrim ſtanding on the ſhore,
Firſt views the Torrent he would venture o're;
And then his Inn upon the farther ground,
Loth to wade through, and lother to go round:
Then dipping in his ſtaff do's tryal make,
How deep it is; and, ſighing, pulls it back:
Sometimes reſolv'd to fetch his leap; and then
Runs to the Bank, but there ſtops ſhort agen;
So I at once——
Both heav'nly Faith, and humane fear obey;
And feel before me in an unknown way.

For this bleſt Voyage I with joy prepare;
Yet am aſham'd to be a ſtranger there.

S. Cath. You are not yet enough prepar'd to dye:
Earth hangs too heavy for your Soul to flye.

Por. One way (and Heav'n I hope inſpires my mind)
I for your ſafety in this ſtraight can find:
But this fair Queen muſt farther my intent.

S. Cath. Name any way your reaſon can invent.

Por. to Ber. Though your Religion (which I cannot blame,
Becauſe my ſecret Soul avows the ſame)
Has made your life a forfeit to the Laws,
The Tyrants new-born paſſion is the cauſe.
Were this bright Princeſs once remov'd away,
Wanting the food, the flame would ſoon decay.
And I'le prepare a faithful Guard this night
T'attend her perſon, and ſecure her flight.

Ber. to S. Cath. By this way I ſhall both from death be freed,
And you unforc'd to any wicked deed.

S. Cath. Madam, my thoughts are with themſelves at ſtrife;
And Heav'n can witneſs how I prize your life:
But 'tis a doubtful conflict I muſt try
Betwixt my pity and my piety.
Staying, your precious life I muſt expoſe:
Going, my Crown of Martyrdom I loſe.

Por. Your equal choice when Heav'n does thus divide,
You ſhould, like Heav'n, ſtill lean on mercy's ſide.

S. Cath. The will of Heav'n, judg'd by a private breſt,
Is often what's our private intereſt.
And therefore thoſe, who would that will obey,
Without their int'reſt muſt their duty weigh.
As for my ſelf, I do not life deſpiſe;
But as the greateſt gift of Nature prize.
My Sex is weak, my fears of death are ſtrong;
And whate're is, it's Being would prolong.
Were there no ſting in death, for me to dye,
Would not be conqueſt, but ſtupidity.
But if vain Honour can confirm the Soul,
And ſenſe of ſhame the fear of death controul,

How

How much more then ſhould Faith uphold the mind,
Which, ſhowing death, ſhows future life behind?
Ber. Of death's contempt Heroick proofs you give;
But, Madam, let my weaker Vertue live.
Your Faith may bid you, your own life reſign;
But not when yours muſt be involv'd with mine.
Since, then, you do not think me fit to dye,
Ah, how can you that life I beg, deny!
S. Cath. Heav'n does in this my greateſt tryal make,
When I for it, the care of you forſake.
But I am plac'd, as on a Theater,
Where all my Acts to all Mankind appear,
To imitate my conſtancy or fear.
Then, Madam, judge what courſe I ſhould purſue,
When I muſt either Heav'n forſake, or you.
Por. Were ſaving *Berenice's* life a ſin,
Heav'n had ſhut up your flight from *Maximin.*
S. Cath. Thus, with ſhort Plummets Heav'ns deep (ſound, will we
That vaſt Abyſs where humane Wit is drown'd!
In our ſmall Skiff we muſt not launce too far;
We here but Coaſters, not Diſcov'rers are.
Faith's neceſſary Rules are plain and few;
We, many, and thoſe needleſs Rules purſue:
Faith from our hearts into our heads we drive;
And make Religion all Contemplative.
You, on Heav'ns will may witty gloſſes feign;
But that which I muſt practiſe here, is plain:
If the All-great decree her life to ſpare,
He will, the means, without my crime prepare. *Exit S.* Cath.
Por. Yet there is one way left! it is decreed
To ſave your life that *Maximin* ſhall bleed.
'Midſt all his Guards I will his death purſue,
Or fall a Sacrifice to Love and you.
Ber. So great a fear of death I have not ſhown,
That I would ſhed his blood to ſave my own.
My fear is but from humane frailty brought;
And never mingled with a wicked thought.
Por. 'Tis not a Crime, ſince one of you muſt dye;

Or is excus'd by the neceſſity.

Ber. I cannot to a Husband's death conſent;
But, by revealing, will your crime prevent:
The horrour of this deed———
Againſt the fear of death has arm'd my mind;
And now leſs guilt in him than you I find:
If I a Tyrant did deteſt before,
I hate a Rebel and a Traitor more:
Ungrateful man———
Remember whoſe Succeſſor thou art made,
And then thy Benefactors life invade.
Guards to your charge I give your Pris'ner back:
And will from none but Heav'n my ſafety take.

Exit with Valerius *and Guards.*

Por. ſolus. 'Tis true, what ſhe has often urg'd before;
He's both my Father and my Emperour!
O Honour, how can'ſt thou invent a way
To ſave my Queen, and not my truſt betray!
Unhappy I that e're he truſted me!
As well his Guardian-Angel may his Murd'rer be.
And yet—— let Honour, Faith, and Vertue flye,
But let not Love in *Berenice* dye.
She lives! ———
That's put beyond diſpute, as firm as Fate:
Honour and Faith let Argument debate.

Enter Maximin *and* Valerius *talking, and Guards.*

Max 'Tis ſaid; but I am loth to think it true, *To* Porphy.
That my late Orders were contemn'd by you:
That *Berenice* from her Guards you freed.

Por. I did it, and I glory in the deed.

Max. How, glory my Commands to diſobey!

Por. When thoſe Commands would your Renown betray.

Max. Who ſhould be Judge of that Renown you name
But I?

Por. ———Yes I, and all who love your fame.

Max. Porphyrius, your replies are inſolent.

Por. Sir, they are juſt, and for your ſervice meant.

If

If, for Religion you our lives will take;
You do not the offenders find, but make.
All Faiths are to their own believers juſt;
For none believe, becauſe they will, but muſt.
Faith is a force from which there's no defence;
Becauſe the Reaſon it does firſt convince.
And Reaſon Conſcience into fetters brings;
And Conſcience is without the pow'r of Kings.

Max. Then Conſcience is a greater Prince than I:
At whoſe each erring call a King may dye.
Who Conſcience leaves to its own free command,
Puts the worſt Weapon in a Rebels hand.

Por. It's Empire, therefore Sir, ſhould bounded be;
And but in acts of it's Religion, free:
Thoſe who aſk Civil pow'r and Conſcience too,
Their Monarch to his own deſtruction woo.
With needful Arms let him ſecure his peace;
Then, that wild beaſt he ſafely may releaſe.

Max. I can forgive theſe liberties you take,
While but my Counſellor your ſelf you make:
But you firſt act your ſenſe, and then adviſe:
That is, at my expence you will be wiſe.
My Wife, I for Religion do not kill;
But ſhe ſhall dye———becauſe it is my will.

Por. Sir, I acknowledge I too much have done;
And therefore merit not to be your Son:
I render back the Honours which you gave;
My liberty's the only gift I crave.

Max. You take too much:----but, e're you lay it down,
Conſider what you part with in a Crown:
Monarchs of cares in Policy complain,
Becauſe they would be pity'd while they raign;
For ſtill the greater troubles they confeſs,
They know their pleaſures will be envy'd leſs.

Por. Thoſe joys I neither envy nor admire;
But beg I from the troubles may retire.

Max. What Soul is this which Empire cannot ſtir!
Supine and tame as a Philoſopher!

Know then, thou wert adopted to a Throne,
Not for thy ſake ſo much as for my own.
My thoughts were once about thy death at ſtrife;
And thy ſucceſſion's thy reprieve for life.
Por. My life and death are ſtill within your pow'r:
But your ſucceſſion I renounce this hour.
Upon a bloody Throne I will not ſit;
Nor ſhare the guilt of Crimes which you commit.
Max. If you are not my *Cæſar*, you muſt dye.
Por. I take it as the nobler Deſtiny.
Max. I pity thee, and would thy faults forgive:
But thus preſuming on, thou canſt not live.
Por. Sir, with your Throne your pity I reſtore;
I am your Foe; nor will I uſe it more.
Now all my debts of gratitude are paid,
I cannot truſted be, nor you betray'd. *Is going.*
Max. Stay, ſtay! in threat'ning me to be my Foe,
You give me warning to conclude you ſo.
Thou to ſucceed a Monarch in his Seat!

Enter Placidius.

No, Fool, thou art too honeſt to be great!
Placidius, on your life this Pris'ner keep:
Our enmity ſhall end before I ſleep.
Placid. I ſtill am ready, Sir, when e're you pleaſe, *To* Porphy.
To do you ſuch ſmall ſervices as theſe.
Max. The ſight with which my eyes ſhall firſt be fed,
Muſt be my Empreſs and this Traitors head.
Por. Where e're thou ſtandſt I'le level at that place
My guſhing blood, and ſpout it at thy face.
Thus, not by Marriage, we our blood will joyn:
Nay more, my arms ſhall throw my head at thine. *Exit guarded.*
Max. There, go adoption: ----I have now decreed
That *Maximin* ſhall *Maximin* ſucceed:
Old as I am, in pleaſures I will try
To waſte an Empire yet before I dye:
Since life is fugitive, and will not ſtay,
I'le make it flye more pleaſantly away. *Exit.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Valeria, Placidius.

Val. IF, as you say, you silently have been
So long my Lover, let my pow'r be seen:
One hours discourse before *Porphyrius* dye,
Is all I ask, and you too may be by.
Placid. I must not break
The order, which the Emperour did sign.
Val. Has then his hand more pow'r with you than mine?
Placid. This hand if given, would far more pow'rful be
Than all the Monarchs of the World to me:
But 'tis a bait which would my heart betray;
And, when I'm fast, will soon be snatcht away.
Val. O say not so; for I shall ever be
Oblig'd to him who once obliges me.
Placid. Madam, I'le wink, and favour your deceit:
But know, fair Coz'ner, that I know the cheat:
Though to these eyes I nothing can refuse,
I'le not the merit of my ruine lose:
It is enough I see the hook, and bite:
But first I'le pay my death with my delight. [*Kisses her hand,*
Val. What can I hope from this sad interview! *and Exit.*]
And yet my brave design I will pursue.
By many signs I have my Rival found:
But Fortune him, as deep as me does wound.
For, if he loves the Empress, his sad Fate
More moves my pity, than his scorn my hate.
To her Placidius *with* Porphyrius.
Placid. I am, perhaps, the first
Who forc'd by Fate, and in his own despight,
Brought a lov'd Rival to his Mistress sight.
Val. But, in revenge, let this your comfort be,
That you have brought a man who loves not me.
However, lay your causeless envy by;

He

He is a Rival who muſt quickly dye.

Por. And yet I could with leſs concernment bear
That death of which you ſpeak, than ſee you here.
So much of guilt in my refuſal lyes,
That Debtor-like, I dare not meet your eyes.

Val. I do not blame you, if you love elſewhere:
And, would to Heav'n, I could your ſuff'rings bear;
Or once again could ſome new way invent
To take upon my ſelf your puniſhment:
I ſent for you, to let you know that ſtill
(Though now I want the pow'r) I have the will.

Placid. Can all this Ocean of your kindneſs be
Pour'd upon him, and not one drop on me?

Val. 'Tis pour'd; but falls from this ungrateful man,
Like drops of water from a riſing Swan.
Upon his breaſt no ſign of wet remains;
He bears his Love more proudly than his Chains.

Por. This thankleſs man his death will ſoon remove,
And quickly end ſo undeſerv'd a Love.

Val. Unthankful as you are, I know not why,
But ſtill I love too well to ſee you dye.
Placidius, can you love, and ſee my grief,
And for my ſake not offer ſome relief?

Placid. Not all the Gods his ruine ſhall prevent;
Your kindneſs does but urge his puniſhment.
Beſides——
What is it I can for his ſafety do?
He has declar'd himſelf your Father's Foe.

Val. Give out he is eſcap'd, and ſet him free:
And, if you pleaſe, lay all the fault on me.

Por. O do not on thoſe terms my freedom name:
Freed by your danger I ſhould dye with ſhame.

Placid. I muſt not farther by your prayers be won. *To her.*
All I could do I have already done.

Val. To bring *Porphyrius* only to my ſight,
Was not to ſhow your pity, but your ſpight:
Would you but half oblige her you adore?
You ſhould not have done this, or ſhould do more.

Placid.

Placid. Alas, what hope can there be left for me,
When I muſt ſink into the Mine I ſee?
My heart will fall before you, if I ſtay;
Each word you ſpeak ſaps part of it away.——
-----Yet all my Fortune on his death is ſet:
And he may love her, though he loves not yet.
He muſt---- and yet ſhe ſays he muſt not dye:
O, if I could but wink, I could deny.

To them Albinus.

Alb. The Emperour expects your Pris'ner ſtrait:
And, with impatience, for his death does wait.

Placid. Nay, then it is too late my Love to weigh. *Exit* Alb.
Your pardon, Madam, if I muſt obey.

Por. I am prepar'd, he ſhall not long attend.

Val. Then hear my pray'rs, and my ſubmiſſions end.
Placidius know, that hour in which he dyes,
My death (ſo well I love) ſhall wait on his.

Placid. O, Madam, do not fright me with your death!

Val. My life depends alone upon his breath.
But, if I live in him, you do not know
How far my gratitude to you may go.
I do not promiſe---- but it ſo may prove,
That gratitude, in time, may turn to Love.
Try me——

Placid. ----Now I conſider it, I will: *Muſing a little.*
'Tis in your pow'r to ſave him or to kill.
I'le run the hazard to preſerve his life,
If, after that, you vow to be my Wife.

Val. Nay, good *Placidius*, now you are too hard:
Would you do nothing but for meer reward?
Like Uſurers to men in want you prove,
When you would take Extortion for my Love.

Placid. You have concluded then that he muſt dye. [*Going with*
Val. O ſtay, if no price elſe his life can buy, Porphy.]
My Love a ranſom for his life I give: [*Holding her Hand-*
Let my *Porphyrius* for another live. *kerchief before her*
Por. You too much value the ſmall merchandiſe: *face.*]
My life's o're-rated, when your Love's the price.

Enter Albinus.

Alb. I long have liſt'ned to your generous ſtrife,
As much concern'd for brave *Porphyrius* life:
For mine I to his favour ow'd this day;
Which with my future Service I will pay.

Placid. Leſt any your intended flight prevent,
I'le lead you firſt the back-way to my Tent:
Thence, in diſguiſe, you may the City gain,
While ſome excuſe for your eſcape I feign.

Val. Farewel, I muſt not ſee you when you part: [*Turning her face away.*]
For that laſt look would break my tender heart.
Yet---- let it break---- I muſt have one look more: [*Looking on him.*]
Nay, now I'm leſs contented than before.
For that laſt look draws on another too;
Which ſure I need not to remember you.
For ever---- yet I muſt one glance repeat:
But quick and ſhort as ſtarving people eat.
So much humanity dwells in your breſt,
Sometimes to think on her who loves you beſt. [*Going, he takes her hand and kiſſes it*]

Por. My wandring ſteps where ever Fortune bear,
Your memory I in my breaſt will wear.
Which, as a precious Amulet, I ſtill
Will carry, my defence and guard from ill.
Though to my former vows I muſt be true,
I'le ever keep one Love entire for you.
That Love which Brothers with chaſte Siſters make:
And by this Holy kiſs, which now I take
From your fair hand———
This common Sun which abſent both ſhall ſee,
Shall ne're behold a breach of Faith in me.

Val. Go, go, my death will your ſhort vows reſtore:
You've ſaid enough, and I can hear no more.

Exit Valeria *one way, and* Porphy. *and* Alb. *another.*

Placid. Love and good Nature, how do you betray!
Miſleading thoſe who ſee and know their way!
I, whom deep Arts of State could ne're beguile,
Have ſold my ſelf to ruine for a ſmile.

Nay

Nay, I am driv'n ſo low, that I muſt take
That ſmile, as Alms, giv'n for my Rivals ſake.
He, like a ſecret Worm, has eat his way;
And, lodg'd within, does on the kernel prey:
I creep without; and hopeleſs to remove
Him thence, wait only for the huſk of Love.

Enter Maximin *talking with* Valerius.

Max. And why was I not told of this before?
Val. Sir, ſhe this evening landed on the ſhore.
For with her Daughter being Pris'ner made,
She in another Veſſel was convey'd.
Max. Bring hither the Ægyptian Princeſs ſtrait. *To* Placid.
And you, *Valerius*, on her Mother wait. *Exit* Valerius.
Placid. The Mother of th' Ægyptian Princeſs here!
Max. *Porphyrius* death I will a while defer.
And this new opportunity improve
To make my laſt effort upon her Love.---- *Exit* Placidius.
Thoſe who have youth may long endure to court;
But he muſt ſwiftly catch whoſe Race is ſhort.
I in my Autumn do my Siege begin;
And muſt make haſte e're Winter comes, to win.
This hour---- no longer ſhall my pains endure:
Her Love ſhall eaſe me, or her death ſhall cure.

Enter at one door Felicia *and* Valerius, *at the other* S. Catharine *and* Placidius.

S. Cath. O, my dear Mother!
Fel. ———With what joy I ſee
My deareſt Daughter from the Tempeſt free.
S. Cath. Dearer than all the joys vain Empire yields,
Or then to youthful Monarchs conquer'd fields.
Before you came——— my Soul
All fill'd with Heav'n did earthly joys diſdain.
But you pull back ſome part of me again.
Placid. You ſee, Sir, ſhe can owne a joy below.
Max. It much imports me that this truth I know.

Fel. How dreadful death does on the waves appear!
Where Seas we only see, and Tempest hear.
Such frightful Images did then pursue
My trembling Soul, that scarce I thought of you.
Placid. All Circumstances to your wish combine:
Her fear of death advances your design.
Fel. But to that only pow'r we serve I pray'd,
Till he, who bid it rise, the Tempest laid.
Max. You are a Christian then! *To* Felicia.
For death this very hour you must prepare:
I have decreed no Christians life to spare.
Fel. For death! I hope you but my courage try:
Whatever I believe, I dare not dye.
Heav'n does not, sure, that Seal of Faith require;
Or, if it did, would firmer thoughts inspire.
A Womans witness can no credit give
To Truths Divine, and therefore I would live.
Max. I cannot give the life which you demand:
But that and mine are in your Daughter's hand:
Ask her, if she will yet her Love deny;
And bid a Monarch, and her Mother dye.
Fel. Now, mighty Prince, you cancel all my fear:
My life is safe, when it depends on her.
How can you let me languish thus in pain! *To S. Cath.*
Make haste to cure those doubts which yet remain.
Speak quickly, speak and ease me of my fear.
S. Cath. Alas, I doubt it is not you I hear.
Some wicked Fiend assumes your voice and face,
To make frail Nature triumph over Grace.
It cannot be———
That she who taught my Childhood Piety,
Should bid my riper age my Faith deny:
That she who bid my hopes this Crown pursue,
Should snatch it from me when 'tis just in view.
Fel. Peace, peace, too much my age's shame you show:
How easie 'tis to teach! how hard to do!
My lab'ring thoughts are with themselves at strife:
I dare not dye, nor bid you save my life.

Max.

Max. You muſt do one, and that without delay;
Too long already for your death I ſtay:
I cannot with your ſmall concerns diſpence;
For deaths of more importance call me hence.
Prepare to execute your office ſtrait. *To his Guards.*

Fel. O ſtay, and let 'em but one minute wait.
Such quick Commands for death you would not give,
(Ah) if you knew how ſweet it were to live.

Max. Then bid her love.

Fel. ———Is duty grown ſo weak, *To S.* Cath.
That Love's a harder word than Death to ſpeak?

S. Cath. Oh! ———

Fel. Miſtake me not, I never can approve [*privately to*
A thing ſo wicked as the Tyrants Love. *S.* Cath.]
I aſk you would but ſome falſe promiſe give,
Only to gain me ſo much time to live.

S. Cath. That promiſe is a ſtep to greater ſin:
The hold once loſt, we ſeldom take agen.
Each bound to Heav'n we fainter Eſſays make:
Still loſing ſomewhat till we quite go back.

Max. Away, I grant no longer a reprieve.

Fel. O do but beg my life, and I may live. *To S.* Cath.
Have you not ſo much pity in your breſt?
He ſtays to have you make it your requeſt.

S. Cath. To beg your life———
Is not to aſk a grace of *Maximin*:
It is a ſilent bargain for a ſin.
Could we live always, life were worth our coſt;
But now we keep with care what muſt be loſt.
Here we ſtand ſhiv'ring on the Bank, and cry,
When we ſhould plunge into Eternity.
One moment ends our pain;
And yet the ſhock of death we dare not ſtand,
By thought ſcarce meaſur'd, and too ſwift for ſand:
'Tis but becauſe the Living death ne're knew,
They fear to prove it as a thing that's new.
Let me th' Experiment before you try,
I'le ſhow you firſt how eaſie 'tis to dye.

Max.

Max. Draw then that Curtain, and let death appear,
And let both ſee how eaſie 'twill be there.

The Scene opens, and ſhews the Wheel.

Fel. Alas, what torments I already feel!

Max. Go, bind her hand and foot beneath that Wheel:
Four of you turn the dreadful Engine round;
Four others hold her faſt'ned to the ground:
That by degrees her tender breaſts may feel,
Firſt the rough razings of the pointed ſteel:
Her Paps then let the bearded Tenters ſtake,
And on each hook a gory Gobbet take.
Till th' upper fleſh by piece-meal torn away,
Her beating heart ſhall to the Sun diſplay.

Fel. My deareſt Daughter at your feet I fall; *Kneeling.*
Hear, Oh yet hear your wretched Mothers call.
Think, at your Birth, ah think what pains I bore,
And can your eyes behold me ſuffer more?
You were the Child which from your infancy
I ſtill lov'd beſt, and then you beſt lov'd me.
About my neck your little arms you ſpred,
Nor could you ſleep without me in the bed.
But ſought my boſom when you went to reſt,
And all night long would lye acroſs my breſt.
Nor without cauſe did you that fondneſs ſhow:
You may remember when our *Nile* did flow;
While on the Bank you innocently ſtood,
And with a Wand made Circles in the flood,
That roſe, and juſt was hurrying you to death,
When I, from far, all pale and out of breath
Ran and ruſht in———
And from the waves my floating pledge did bear,
So much my Love was ſtronger than my fear.
But you———

Max. Woman, for theſe long tales your life's too ſhort;
Go, bind her quickly, and begin the ſport.

Fel. No, in her arms my Sanctuary's plac'd: [*Running to her*
Thus I will cling for ever to her waſte. *Daughter.*]

Max. What muſt my will by women be controll'd?

Haſte,

Haſte, draw your Weapons, and cut off her hold.
S. Cath. Thus my laſt duty to you let me pay: [*Kiſſing her*
Yet, Tyrant, I to thee will never pray. *Mother.*]
Though hers to ſave I my own life would give,
Yet by my ſin, my Mother ſhall not live.
To thy foul luſt I never can conſent;
Why doſt thou then defer my puniſhment?
I ſcorn thoſe Gods thou vainly doſt adore:
Contemn thy Empire, but thy Bed abhor.
If thou would'ſt yet a bloodier Tyrant be,
I will inſtruct thy rage, begin with me.
Max. I thank thee that thou doſt my anger move:
It is a Tempeſt that will wreck my Love.
I'le pull thee hence, cloſe hidden as thou art, [*Claps his hand*
And ſtand with my drawn Sword before my heart. *to his*
Yes, you ſhall be obey'd, though I am loth, *breaſt.*]
Go, and while I can bid you, bind 'em both.
Go, bind 'em e're my fit of Love return:
Fire ſhall quench fire, and anger Love ſhall burn.
Thus I prevent thoſe follies I ſhould do;
And 'tis the nobler Fever of the two.
Fel. Torn piece by piece, alas what horrid pains!
S. Cath. Heav'n is all mercy, who that death ordains.
And that which Heav'n thinks beſt is ſurely ſo:
But bare and naked, ſhame to undergo,
'Tis ſomewhat more than death!
Expos'd to lawleſs eyes I dare not be,
My modeſty is ſacred, Heav'n to thee.
Let not my body be the Tyrant's ſpoil;
Nor hands nor eyes thy purity defile.
Amariel *deſcends ſwiftly with a flaming Sword, and ſtrikes at the Wheel, which breaks in pieces, then he aſcends again.*
Max. Is this th' effect of all your boaſted skill?
Theſe brittle toys to execute my will?
A Puppet-ſhow of death I only find,
Where I a ſtrong and ſinewy pain deſign'd.
By what weak infant was this Engine wrought?
Val. From *Bilbilis* the temper'd ſteel was brought:

Metalli

Metall more tough the Anvil ne're did beat,
Nor, from the Forge, did hiſſing waters heat.
Placid. I ſaw a Youth deſcend all Heav'nly fair,
Who in his hand a flaming Sword did bear,
And, Whirlwind-like, around him drove the Air.
At his rais'd arm the rigid Iron ſhook;
And, bending backwards, fled before the ſtroke.
Max. What! Miracles, the tricks of Heav'n to me?
I'le try if ſhe be wholly Iron free.
If not by Sword, then ſhe ſhall dye by fire;
And one by one her Miracles I'le tire.
If proof againſt all kind of death ſhe be,
My Love's immortal, and ſhe's fit for me.
S. Cath. No, Heav'n has ſhown its pow'r, and now thinks fit
Thee to thy former fury to remit.
Had Providence my longer life decreed,
Thou from thy paſſion hadſt not yet been freed.
But Heav'n, which ſuffer'd that, my Faith to prove,
Now to its ſelf does vindicate my Love.
A pow'r controls thee which thou doſt not ſee;
And that's a Miracle it works in thee.
Max. The truth of this new Miracle we'll try;
To prove it, you muſt take the pains to dye.
Bring me their heads———
Fel. That mercy, Tyrant, thou deny'ſt to me,
At thy laſt breath may Heav'n refuſe to thee.
My fears are going, and I death can view:
I ſee, I ſee him there thy ſteps purſue.
And with a lifted arm and ſilent pace,
Stalk after thee, juſt aiming in his chace.
S. Cath. No more, dear Mother, ill in death it ſhows
Your peace of mind by rage to diſcompoſe:
No ſtreak of blood (the reliques of the Earth)
Shall ſtain my Soul in her immortal birth;
But ſhe ſhall mount all pure, a white, and Virgin mind;
And full of all that peace, which there ſhe goes to find.

Exeunt S. Catharine *and* Felicia, *with* Valerius *and Guards. The Scene ſhuts.*

Max.

Max. She's gone, and pull'd my heart-ſtrings as ſhe went.
Were penitence no ſhame, I could repent.
Yet 'tis of bad example ſhe ſhould live;
For I might get th' ill habit to forgive.
Thou ſoft Seducer of my heart, away——
Who ling'ring would'ſt about its confines ſtay
To watch when ſome Rebellion would begin;
And ready at each ſigh to enter in.
In vain; for thou
Doſt on the outſide of the body play,
And when drawn neareſt, ſhalt be whirl'd away.
What ails me, that I cannot loſe thy thought!
Command the Empreſs hither to be brought; *To* Placid.
I in her death ſhall ſome diverſion find,
And rid my thoughts at once of woman-kind.
Placid. 'Tis well he thinks not of *Porphyrius* yet. *Aſide. Exit.*
Max. How hard it is this Beauty to forget!
My ſtormy rage has only ſhook my will:
She crept down lower, but ſhe ſticks there ſtill.
Fool that I am to ſtruggle thus with Love!
Why ſhould I that which pleaſes me remove?
True, ſhe ſhould dye were ſhe concern'd alone;
But I love, not for her ſake, but my own.
Our Gods are Gods 'cauſe they have pow'r and will;
Who can do all things, can do nothing ill.
Ill is Rebellion 'gainſt ſome higher pow'r:
The World may ſin, but not its Emperour.
My Empreſs then ſhall dye, my Princeſs live;
If this be ill, I do my ſelf forgive.

To him Valerius.

Val. Your will's obey'd; for mighty Emperour,
The Princeſs and her Mother are no more.
Max. She is not dead!
Val. ——————Great Sir, your will was ſo.
Max. That was my will of half an hour ago.
But now 'tis alter'd; I have chang'd her Fate,
She ſhall not dye.
Val. ——————Your pity comes too late.

Betwixt her Guards she seem'd by Bride-men led,
Her cheeks with cheerful blushes were o'respred,
When, smiling, to the Ax she bow'd her head.
Just at the stroke———
Ætherial musick did her death prepare;
Like joyful sounds of Spousals in the Air.
A radiant light did her crown'd Temples guild,
And all the place with fragrant scents was fill'd.
The Balmy mist came thick'ning to the ground,
And sacred silence cover'd all around.
But when (its work perform'd) the Cloud withdrew,
And day restor'd us to each others view,
I sought her head to bring it on my Spear;
In vain I sought it, for it was not there.
No part remain'd; but from afar our sight
Discover'd in the Air long tracks of light;
Of charming Notes we heard the last rebounds,
And Musick dying in remoter sounds.

Max. And dost thou think
This lame account fit for a Love-sick King?
Go---- from the other World a better bring. [*Kills him, then sets his foot on him, and speaks on.*]
When in my breast two mighty passions strove,
Thou had'st err'd better in obeying Love.
'Tis true, that way thy death had follow'd too.
But I had then been less displeas'd than now.
Now I must live unquiet for thy sake;
And this poor recompence is all I take. *Spurns the body.*

Here the Scene opens and discovers Berenice *on a Scaffold, the Guards by her, and amongst them* Porphyrius *and* Albinus, *like Moors, as all the Guards are.* Placidius *enters, and whispers the Emperour whilst* Porphyrius *speaks.*

Por. From *Berenice* I cannot go away;
But, like a Ghost, must near my Treasure stay.

Alb. Night and this shape secure us from their eyes.

Por. Have courage then for our bold enterprise.
Duty and Faith no tye on me can have,
Since I renounc'd those Honours which he gave.

Max.

Max. The time is come we did so long attend, *To* Berenice.
Which must these discords of our Marriage end.
Yet *Berenice* remember you have been
An Empress, and the Wife of *Maximin.*
Ber. I will remember I have been your Wife;
And therefore, dying, beg from Heav'n your life:
Be all the discords of our Bed forgot,
Which, Vertue witness, I did never spot.
What errors I have made, though while I live,
You cannot pardon, to the dead forgive.
Max. How much she is to piety inclin'd!
Behead her while she's in so good a mind.
Por. Stand firm, *Albinus*, now the time is come
To free the Empress.
Alb. ——————And deliver *Rome.*
Por. Within I feel my hot blood swell my heart,
And generous tremblings in each outward part.
'Tis done---- Tyrant, this is thy latest hour.
Porphyrius *and* Albinus *draw, and are making at the Emperour.*
Ber. Look to your self, my Lord the Emperour:
Treason, help, help, my Lord!
Maximin *turns and defends himself, the Guards set on* Porphyrius *and* Albinus.
Max. Disarm 'em, but their lives I charge you spare.
After they are disarm'd.
Unmask 'em, and discover who they are.
Good Gods, is it *Porphyrius* whom I see!
Placid. I wonder how he gain'd his liberty.
Max. Traytor!
Por.——— Know, Tyrant, I can hear that name
Rather than Son, and bear it with less shame.
Traytor's a name which were my arm yet free,
The Roman Senate would bestow on thee.
To Ber. Ah, Madam, you have ruin'd my design,
And lost your life; for I regard not mine.
Too ill a Mistress, and too good a Wife.
Ber. It was my duty to preserve his life.

Max. Now I perceive *To* Porphyria
In what cloſe walks your mind ſo long did move:
You ſcorn'd my Throne, aſpiring to her Love.
Ber. In death I'le owne a Love to him ſo pure;
As will the teſt of Heav'n it ſelf endure.
A Love ſo chaſt, as Conſcience could not chide;
But cheriſht it, and kept it by its ſide.
A Love which never knew a hot deſire,
But flam'd as harmleſs as a lambent fire.
A Love which, pure from Soul to Soul might paſs,
As light tranſmitted through a Cryſtal glaſs.
Which gave *Porphyrius* all without a ſin;
Yet kept entire the Right of *Maximin*.
Max. The beſt return that I to both can make,
Shall be to ſuffer for each others ſake.
Por. Barbarian, do not dare her blood to ſhed,
Who from my vengeance ſav'd thy curſed head.
A flight no Honour ever reach'd before;
And which ſucceeding Ages will adore.
Ber. Porphyrius I muſt dye!
That common debt to Nature paid muſt be;
But I have left a debt unpaid to thee.
To *Maximin*———
I have perform'd the duty of a Wife;
But, ſaving his, I caſt away thy life.
Ah, what ill Stars upon our Loves did ſhine,
That I am more thy Murd'rer than he mine.
Max. Make haſte.
Por. So haſty none in execution are,
But they allow the dying time for pray'r.
Farewel, ſweet Saint, my pray'r ſhall be to you:
My Love has been unhappy, but 'twas true.
Remember me! Alas what have I ſed?
You muſt dye too!
But yet remember me when you are dead.
Ber. If I dye firſt I will——
Stop ſhort of Heav'n, and wait you in a Cloud;
For fear we loſe each other in the crowd.

Por.

Por. Love is the only Coyn in Heav'n will go:
Then take all with you, and leave none below.
Ber. 'Tis want of knowledge, not of Love, I fear.
Leſt we miſtake when bodies are not there,
O as a mark that I could wear a Scroul,
With this Inſcription, *Berenice's* Soul.
Por. That needs not, ſure, for none will be ſo bright,
So pure, or with ſo ſmall allays of light.
Max. From my full eyes fond tears begin to ſtart;
Diſpatch, they practiſe treaſon on my heart.
Porphyrius *kiſſes his hand, and blows it to* Berenice *ſaying,*
Por. Adieu: this farewel ſigh I as my laſt bequeath,
Catch it, 'tis Love expiring in a breath.
Berenice *kiſſing hers in the ſame manner.*
Ber. This ſigh of mine ſhall meet it half the way,
As pledges giv'n that each for other ſtay.

Enter Valeria *and* Cydon *her Woman.*

Val. What diſmal Scene of Death is here prepar'd!
Max. Now ſtrike.
Val. They ſhall not ſtrike till I am heard.
Max. From whence does this new impudence proceed,
That you dare alter that which I decreed?
Val. Ah, Sir, to what ſtrange courſes do you fly,
To make your ſelf abhorr'd for cruelty!
The Empire groans under your bloody Reign,
And its vaſt body bleeds in every vein.
Gaſping and pale, and fearing more, it lyes;
And now you ſtab it in the very eyes:
Your *Cæſar* and the Partner of your Bed;
Ah who can wiſh to live when they are dead?
If ever gentle pity touch'd your breſt-----
----I cannot ſpeak, ----my tears ſhall ſpeak the reſt.
Weeping and ſobbing.
Por. She adds new grief to what I felt before,
And Fate has now no room to put in more.
Max Away, thou ſhame and ſlander of my blood. *To* Val.
Who taught thee to be pitiful or good?
Val. What hope have I The

The name of Vertue ſhould prevail with him,
Who thinks ev'n it, for which I plead, a crime?
Yet Nature, ſure, ſome Argument may be;
If them you cannot pity, pity me.

Max. I will, and all the World ſhall judge it ſo:
I will th' exceſs of pity to you ſhow.
You aſk to ſave
A dangerous Rebel, and diſloyal Wife,
And I in mercy---- will not take your life.

Val. You more than kill me by this cruelty,
And in their perſons bid your Daughter dye.
I honour *Berenice*'s Vertue much;
But for *Porphyrius* my Love is ſuch,
I cannot, will not live when he is gone.

Max. I'le do that Cure for you which on my ſelf is done.
You muſt, like me, your Lovers life remove;
Cut off your hope, and you deſtroy your Love.
If it were hard I would not bid you try
The Med'cine: but 'tis but to let him dye.
Yet ſince you are ſo ſoft, (which you call good)
And are not yet confirm'd enough in blood
To ſee his death;
Your frailty ſhall be favour'd with this grace,
That they ſhall ſuffer in another place.
If after they are dead, their memory
By any chance into your mind be brought,
Laugh, and divert it with ſome other thought.
Away with 'em.

Exeunt Berenice, Porphyrius, Albinus *carried off by Guards.*

Val. Since pray'rs nor tears can bend his cruel mind, [*Looking*
Farewel, the beſt and braveſt of Mankind; *after* Porphy.]
How I have lov'd Heav'n knows; but there's a Fate,
Which hinders me from being fortunate.
My Father's Crimes hang heavy on my head,
And like a gloomy Cloud about me ſpread;
I would in vain be pious, that's a grace
Which Heav'n permits not to a Tyrant's race.

Max.

Max. Hence to her Tent the fooliſh Girl convey,
Val. Let me be juſt before I go away:
Placidius, I have vow'd to be your Wife;
Take then my hand, 'tis yours while I have life.
One moment here, I muſt anothers be:
But this *Porphyrius* gives me back to thee.
Stabs her ſelf twice, and then Placidius *wreſts the Dagger from her.*
Placid. Help, help the Princeſs, help!
Max. What rage has urg'd this act which thou haſt done?
Val. Thou, Tyrant, and thy Crimes have pull'd it on.
Thou who canſt death with ſuch a pleaſure ſee,
Now take thy fill, and glut thy ſight in me.
But---- I'le th' occaſion of my death forget;
Save him I love, and be my Father yet:
I can no more---- *Porphyrius*, my dear——
Cyd. Alas, ſhe raves, and thinks *Porphyrius* here.
Val. Have I not yet deſerv'd thee now I dye?
Is *Berenice* ſtill more fair than I?
Porphyrius, do not ſwim before my ſight;
Stand ſtill, and let me, let me aim aright.
Stand ſtill but while thy poor *Valeria* dyes,
And ſighs her Soul into her Lovers eyes. *Dyes.*
Placid. She's gone from Earth, and with her went away
All of the Tyrant that deſerv'd to ſtay:
I've loſt in her all joys that life can give;
And only to revenge her death would live---- *Aſide.*
Cyd. The Gods have claim'd her, and we muſt reſign.
Max. What had the Gods to do with me or mine?
Did I moleſt your Heav'n?——
Why ſhould you then make *Maximin* your Foe,
Who paid you Tribute, which he need not do?
Your Altars I with ſmoke of Gums did crown:
For which you lean'd your hungry noſtrils down.
All daily gaping for my Incenſe there,
More than your Sun could draw you in a year.
And you for this theſe Plagues on me have ſent;
But by the Gods, (by *Maximin* I meant)

Hence

Henceforth I and my World
Hoſtility with you and yours declare,
Look to it, Gods; for you th' Aggreſſors are.
Keep you your Rain and Sun-ſhine in your Skies,
And I'le keep back my flame and Sacrifice.
Your Trade of Heav'n ſhall ſoon be at a ſtand,
And all your Goods lie dead upon your hand.

Placid. Thus, Tyrant, ſince the Gods th'Aggreſſors are, [*Stab-*
Thus by this ſtroke they have begun the War. *bing him.*]

Maximin *ſtruggles with him, and gets the Dagger from him.*

Max. Thus I return the ſtrokes which they have giv'n; [*Stab-*
Thus, Traytor, thus, and thus I would to Heav'n. *bing* Placid.]

Stabbing upward with his Dagger. Placidius *falls, and the Emperour ſtaggers after him, and ſits down upon him, the Guards come in to help the Emperour.*

Max. Stand off, and let me, e're my ſtrength be gone,
Take my laſt pleaſure of revenge alone.

Enter a Centurion.

Cen. Arm, arm, the Camp is in a mutiny:
For *Rome* and Liberty the Souldiers cry.
Porphyrius mov'd their pity as he went,
To reſcue *Berenice* from puniſhment,
And now he heads their new-attempted crime.

Max. Now I am down, the Gods have watch'd their time.
You think———
To ſave your credit, feeble Deities;
But I will give my ſelf the ſtrength to riſe.

He ſtrives to get up, and being up, ſtaggers.

It wonnot be———
My body has not ſtrength my mind to bear.
I muſt return again---- and conquer here.

Sits down upon the Body.

My coward Body does my will controul;
Farewel thou baſe Deſerter of my Soul.
I'le ſhake this Carcaſs off, and be obey'd;
Reign an Imperial Ghoſt without its aid.

Go,

Go, Souldiers, take my Enſigns with you, fight,
And vanquiſh Rebels in your Soveraign's right:
Before I die———
Bring me *Porphyrius* and my Empreſs dead,
I would brave Heav'n, in my each hand a head.
Placid. Do not regard a dying Tyrants breath. [*To the Souldiers.*]
He can but look revenge on you in death.
Max. Vanquiſh'd, and dar'ſt thou yet a Rebel be?
Thus---- I can more than look revenge on thee. [*Stabs him again.*
Placid. Oh, I am gone! *Dyes.*
Max.———And after thee I go,
Revenging ſtill, and following ev'n to th' other world my blow.
Stabs him again.
And ſhoving back this Earth on which I ſit,
I'le mount----and ſcatter all the Gods I hit. *Dyes.*

Enter Porphyrius, Berenice, Albinus, *Souldiers.* Porphyrius *looks on the Bodies entring, and ſpeaks.*

Por. 'Tis done before, (this mighty work of Fate!)
And I am glad our Swords are come too late.
He was my Prince, and though a bloody one,
I ſhould have conquer'd and have mercy ſhown.
Sheath all your Swords, and ceaſe your enmity;
They are not Foes, but *Romans* whom you ſee.
Ber. He was my Tyrant, but my Husband too;
And therefore duty will ſome tears allow.
Por. Placidius here!
And fair *Valeria* new depriv'd of breath?
Who can unriddle this dumb-ſhow of death?
Cyd. When, Sir, her Father did your life deny,
She kill'd her ſelf, that ſhe with you might dye.
Placidius made the Emp'rours death his crime;
Who, dying, did revenge his death on him.
Porphyrius *kneels and takes* Valeria's *hand.*
Por. For thy dear ſake I vow each week I live
One day to faſting and juſt grief I'le give:
And what hard Fate did to thy life deny,
My gratitude ſhall pay thy memory.

Cen. Mean time to you belongs th' Imperial pow'r:
We with one voice ſalute you Emperour.

Souldiers. Long live *Porphyrius* Emperour of the *Romans.*

Por. Too much, my Country-men, your Love you ſhow,
That you have thought me worthy to be ſo.
But, to requite that Love, I muſt take care
Not to ingage you in a Civil War.
Two Emperours at *Rome* the Senate choſe,
And whom they chuſe no *Roman* ſhould oppoſe.
In Peace or War, let Monarchs hope or fear;
All my ambition ſhall be bounded here.

Kiſſing Berenice's *hand.*

Ber. I have too lately been a Prince's Wife,
And fear th' unlucky Omen of the life.
Like a rich Veſſel beat by ſtorms to ſhore,
'Twere madneſs ſhould I venture out once more.
Of glorious troubles I will take no part,
And in no Empire reign, but of your heart.

Por. Let to the winds your golden Eagles flye, [*To the Souldiers.*]
Your Trumpets ſound a bloodleſs Victory:
Our Arms no more let *Aquileia* fear,
But to her Gates——
Our peaceful Enſigns crown'd with Olives bear:
While I mix Cypreſs with my Myrtle Wreath:
Joy for your life, and mourn *Valeria's* Death.

Exeunt omnes.

Epilogue

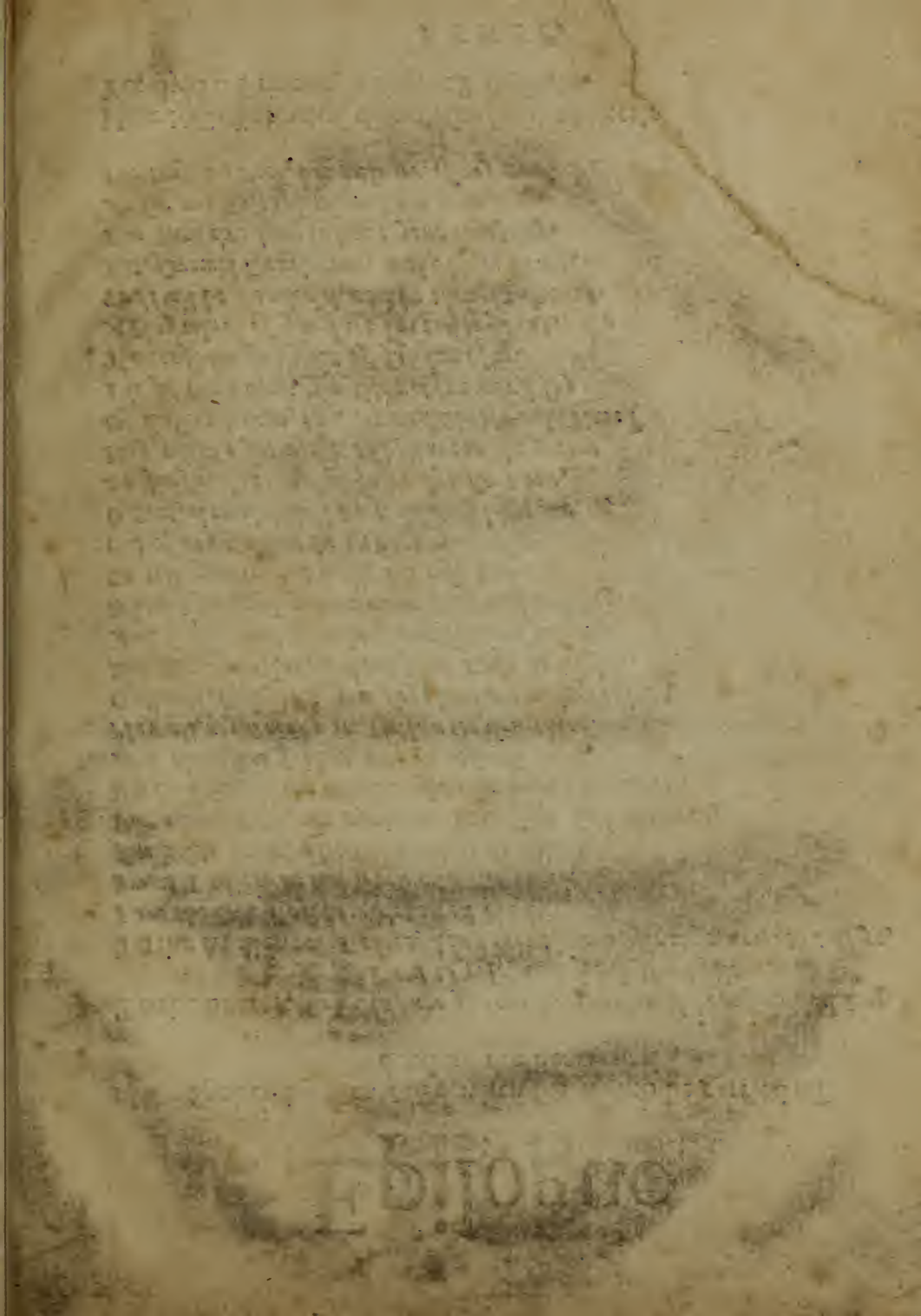
Epilogue

Spoken by Mrs. *Ellen*, when she was to be carried off dead by the Bearers.

To the Bearer. *Hold, are you mad? you damn'd confounded Dog,*
I am to rise, and speak the Epilogue.
To the Audience. *I come, kind Gentlemen, strange news to tell ye,*
I am the Ghost of poor departed Nelly.
Sweet Ladies, be not frighted, I'le be civil,
I'm what I was, a little harmless Devil.
For after death, we Sprights, have just such Natures,
We had for all the World, when humane Creatures;
And therefore I that was an Actress here,
Play all my Tricks in Hell, a Goblin there.
Gallants, look to't, you say there are no Sprights;
But I'le come dance about your Beds at nights.
And faith you'l be in a sweet kind of taking,
When I surprise you between sleep and waking.
To tell you true, I walk because I dye
Out of my Calling in a Tragedy.
O Poet, damn'd dull Poet, who could prove
So senseless! to make Nelly *dye for Love,*
Nay, what's yet worse, to kill me in the prime
Of Easter-*Term, in Tart and Cheese-cake time!*
I'le fit the Fopp; for I'le not one word say
T'excuse his godly out of fashion Play.
A Play which if you dare but twice sit out,
You'l all be slander'd, and be thought devout.
But, farewel Gentlemen, make haste to me,
I'm sure e're long to have your company.
As for my Epitaph when I am gone,
I'le trust no Poet, but will write my own.

Here *Nelly* lies, who, though she liv'd a Slater'n,
Yet dy'd a Princess, acting in S. *Cathar'n.*

FINIS.



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